

NOVEMBER FICTION AND DRAMATIC NUMBER

Collier's

NOVEMBER 12, 1904

Autumn Plays

By Norman Hapgood

Roses of Triana

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Brother Rabbit's Cuddle

By Joel Chandler Harris



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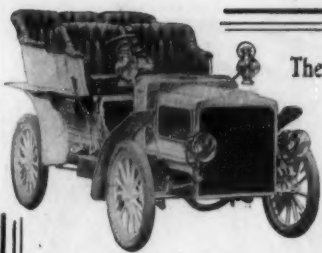
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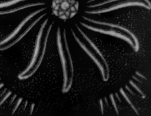
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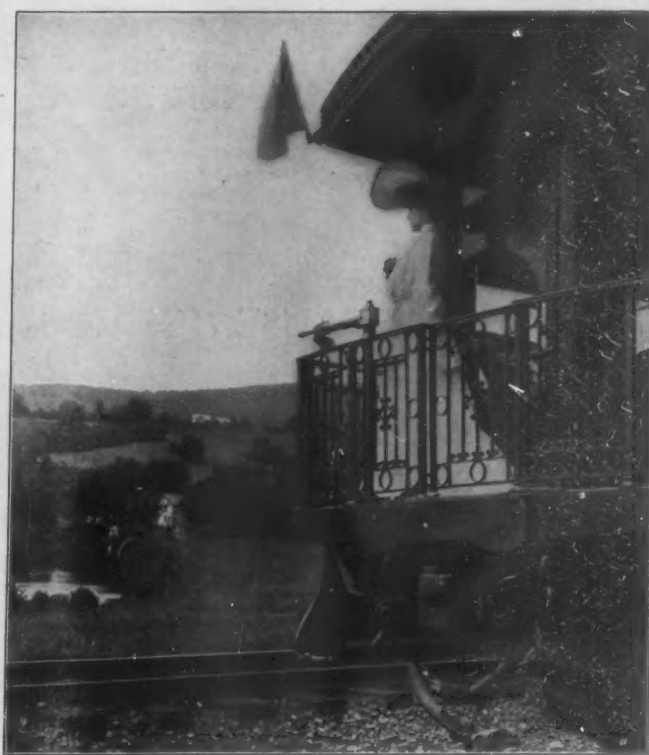
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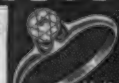
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and other medals were awarded the Butterick Fashion Exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The feature of the Butterick exhibit which won the Grand Prize at the St. Louis World's Fair was a series of eleven costumes, showing the styles in woman's dress during the past century—ten years apart. These have been charmingly drawn by Anna Burnham Westermann, and reproduced with tint in the form of an art panel, nearly three feet long. It is well worth framing to adorn the walls of Milady's boudoir, parlor or den, and will be mailed, rolled without creasing, on receipt of four cents, to cover postage, etc. Small outline drawings of these figures are shown in this advertisement—they give but a hint of the charm of the original drawings as shown on the panel itself.

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is the best number we have ever issued—we think—and more than ever proves THE DELINEATOR to be "the best of all the magazines published for Woman."

The Love Songs from the Wagner Operas have, for the first time, been worthily put into English. Richard Le Gallienne has translated them with a charm that will make them endeared forever. The accompanying decorations in color, by J. C. Leyendecker, are superb, and well worthy of this master feature.

Other contributors to this number are: Robert Grant, F. Hopkinson Smith, Alice Brown, Elmore Elliott Peake, Mary Stewart Cutting, L. Frank Baum, the author of "The Wizard of Oz," etc., Julia Magruder, Albert Bigelow Paine, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Gustav Kobbé, Lillie Hamilton French, Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, Florence Earle Coates, Aloysius Coll, Carolyn Wells, Jennie Pendleton Ewing. This issue contains superb illustrations in color and in black and white, by J. C. Leyendecker, Martin Justice, L. D'Emo, Paul J. Meylan, S. Werner, Christine S. Bredin, Herbert Paus, Harry Stacey Benton, F. Richardson, R. Emmett Owen and Harry A. Linnell.

Fashion Plates in Colors

The midwinter fashions are shown in profusion in full color and in black and white. Better this month than ever—as we promised they would be. Getting nearer to perfection with each issue—the styles shown this month are simply temptations—the best way to overcome them is to yield to them.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904



THE MATINEE GIRL

DRY POINT BY OTTO SCHNEIDER



MR. ROOT SAID, at Chicago five months ago, that "ours is a government by party rule." Although there is literal truth in such a statement, it is usually made to conceal or justify unworthy motives. The officials of the party in power should be looked upon as national officers conducting the Government, and ruling as officers of the Government, not primarily as partisans. It was furthest from the dream of any founder of our Constitution that men in high office should think first of faction. It was the haunting fear of WASHINGTON that parties might destroy what was best in the democracy, in the foundation of which he had so nobly led. The most profound questions facing the officers of our Government to-day, and for the next four years, and for many years to come, are not party questions. They are profound and complicated problems crying for solution on principles absolutely disconnected from party lines. Foremost among them stand the trusts. The principle of competition, in the opinion of many experts, is doomed. If so, still more important becomes the principle of regulation. The more wisely the capital which has overthrown the restraints of competition can be regulated, the less danger of new party divisions produced by two extremes, a violent socialism on the one hand, a party of force upon the other.

MODERN
CARTHAGE

The public conscience says there is an evil. No explanation will satisfy it that pork needs to sell for half as much again to-day as it did in the spring of '97. It needs at least some explanation to satisfy it about the meaning of Mr. KNOX's selection for the Senate. It can not smile because a family connection of ROCKEFELLER's rules our strongest Chamber. It can not smile because the ministers of this Senate King are all closely identified with money interests of the concentrated and ruling order. It knows the relation of the coal trust to the law. It guesses why trust managers often report by number and not by name. It realizes that our Government treats the very rich as other Governments treat the aristocracy and the official class. A German editor is forbidden to mention certain scandals because "the abuses brought to light might cause other people of standing to be lowered in the public opinion." We wish no analogous timidity here. We wish caution, justice, but no shrinking from the consequences. A Vienna paper calls us the Modern Carthage. We are rich, and becoming militant, as Carthage was. Let us force our rulers to take steps which shall prevent our degenerating as Carthage did. We expect from our representatives at Washington not merely an occasional sop to public conscience, but a persistent and fearless effort to execute the laws.

THIS IS THE ERA of the humane. Even peace is gaining, although the humane in war gains much faster. Religion becomes yearly simpler. It translates itself from complexities of argument into facts of daily note. It becomes in part a science, with laws fortified by observation. It gives almost a promise that the whole world may sometime dwell on the same essentials. Japan is called a heathen country, and she is in some ways ethically below the West, but her cleverness—even if it be nothing more—is enabling her to see with startling quickness and precision that certain superstitions are in her way. The latest illustration, following quickly on what we hear of her sanitary vigilance, is her determination to release, after recovery, all Russian prisoners who are permanently disabled. Thus do humanity and practical acuteness work in concord.

HUMANITY
AND WAR

We observe that one of Count Tolstoy's sons has written to a Russian paper, praising war, and unfolding a conviction that Russian destiny includes the mastery of the world, steps to this end being the absorption of adjacent nations and the ousting of Great Britain from Egypt as well as India. Tolstoy's daughter is also combative, being president of a committee of female aristocrats formed for the encouragement of volunteers. England, after the performance of the Baltic fleet, showed how far from extinction is the spirit of war, but at the same time the submission to reason by both Russians and English showed how the desire to avoid war may grow without the willingness to fight when necessary being lost. The world is not losing the martial virtues in the reign of commerce and the peaceful arts, but it is gaining in humanity and in reason as applied to war.

THE TAX ON ART is not likely to be removed until the whole tariff is revised. Even if there were a revision, it is likely that the duties on art might be retained. This tax occupies an exceptional position. It is not to "protect" American artists. They do not wish to be protected, being able to take care of themselves and knowing that whatever stimulates æsthetic inter-

ests and increases art opportunities in America is to their advantage. The feeling that lies behind this tax is that pictures are a luxury for the rich. Legislators from the tall timber see no reason why the desire of CÆSAR for a painting should not be used to help support the State. If you tried to explain to Uncle JOE CANNON, for example, that pictures were as clearly a part of education as books, plays, or music, you might possibly get an admission that it would be a good thing to tax people for reading MILTON or hearing BEETHOVEN if we could find a way to do it. Few great paintings go directly to our museums.

TAXING
EDUCATION

The general course is for them to be bought by individuals, owned privately by them for a time, and finally find their way to public galleries. The present interest in art is rapidly snatching up most of those old masterpieces which can be purchased, and our tariff against them, by irritating every buyer, greatly diminishes the number of great works which are secured for the United States. It is this approaching end of the present profuse opportunities that makes the art tax so peculiarly stupid and unfortunate. When we look over the record of Congress, however, on all matters in any way touching art, we find no ground whatever for hoping it will ever take a less bigoted and injurious position.

MEREDITH HAS BEEN TALKING more than is customary with him. Following his sensational utterance on leasehold marriage comes an interview on things in general, in which the most striking opinion is that America does right to hold the Philippines. MEREDITH, be it remembered, is one of the dwindling number of English Liberals who are ardently for Irish Home Rule. He is as firm as JOHN MORLEY and EARL SPENCER. He was bitterly opposed to England's war against the Boers. He is far removed from sympathy with empires or imperialism. But he is capable of making a distinction. He does not, in his view of politics, fix up one general principle which shall cover every case. He makes an exception of the Philippines, because we took them from incidental necessity, not from greed; because they are savages, not a people differently civilized from us, like the Boers; and because if we give them up they will be governed by Spain or Japan. MEREDITH believes that we shall govern the Filipinos well, and in other directions also he thinks very highly of America. In the United States and Japan he sees the nations of the future, with England sinking to a humbler position, France about holding her own, and Germany standing well. MEREDITH is a great though erratic thinker; his high opinion of us is something which we may rightly value; and for so pronounced an opponent of oppression to declare in favor of our policy in the Philippines is a straw of no small importance.

MEREDITH ON
THE NATIONS

MANY NEEDLESS STRIKES bring discredit on the unions when, if the truth were known, most of the obloquy would fall on capital. When labor has a serious and legitimate grievance, the natural solution, when negotiation fails, is a hard strike, long continued. The brief picayune strikes in the building trades, of which half a dozen come in one branch in as many months, are often, perhaps usually, caused by relations so intricate that the general public fails to grasp their meaning. These little strikes are caused, in a very large per cent of the cases, by the warfare of the employing companies among themselves. The SAM PARKS case was typical of the general habit. In that case the Fuller Construction Company brought a venal labor leader from Chicago to New York, and used him to create strikes which would interfere with the construction companies which had not yet been absorbed by the Fuller organization. This process of absorption is still going on, and by the same means. The plumbers, plasterers, joiners, electricians, tilayers, and many other groups of workmen, are but the tools of the building companies, who determine for them the thousand petty strikes that annoy the public. The little construction companies, by difficulty in fulfilling contracts, get into trouble financially, the big companies buy up their notes, and the swallowing is soon complete, in much the same manner that the individual saloon becomes the property of some brewer. When, therefore, we are tempted into rage over some trivial and pointless strike in one of the many branches of the building trade, instead of talking about the "over-organization of labor," or the insanity of labor unions, it might be as useful for us to give thought to methods for ending this corrupt power which the big construction companies use to crush their smaller rivals. Little companies or unions would seldom strike if let alone, because it would not pay. It does pay a big company to pay for a strike which shall ruin a little one. Labor, in our opin-

IN THE
WOODPILE



ion, is much less to blame for the present uncomfortable complications than capital is. Corruption exists in both camps, but in the unions it is the corruption of the individual, in the big moneyed organizations it is corruption as a steadily pursued business policy. The labor problem, therefore, is a less difficult and less discouraging one than is presented by the sins of capital. The enterprise and energy represented by money have no doubt done much for the material development of the country. Organized labor has done much to raise the moral and spiritual standard of the country. It has had its faults, even grievous ones, but it has suffered much for sins which were committed by its opponent.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA IS CONTROLLED almost wholly by a group of some half a dozen men. Mr. DANIEL FROHMAN, not technically part of the syndicate, is part of it essentially, and he is the only one of the aggregation that is looked upon as a person so cultivated and "literary" that he is fitted occasionally to promulgate critical ideas in print. These exhalations of intellect at least avoid the danger of soaring beyond the vision of the ordinary reader. In his latest magazine treatise on the art of which his brother is the king, Mr. FROHMAN lays down with the calmness of omnipotence what "must be" in drama. "The story and its complications need not be new, though their treatment must be fresh, and every year requires a more novel, though not necessarily outré, setting than the last. The love story must be clear and distinct in the mind of the dramatist, and he must find an obstacle in its course. This obstacle, reasonably, convincingly, ingeniously, he must remove." Good-by to "Romeo and Juliet," of course, to every tragedy, to the best of HAUPTMANN and SUDERMANN, even to "The Admirable Crichton," which, by the way, would have horrified the syndicate had it not borne the name of BARRIE. There is no cause for surprise in Mr. FROHMAN's opinion that "Hamlet" is "no play." "The characters, which were undoubtedly preconceived character-studies, are strung together, hanging limply from an old-fashioned peg, jostling against one

RULERS OF
OUR STAGE

another like stray individuals in a crowd and exposing their inmost hearts without rime or reason. Hamlet himself is a purposeless hero, antagonizing the audience with his vacillations and cowardice and uncertainty." We do not pretend to know what "preconceived character-studies" are, but are comforted to have Mr. FROHMAN speak a good word for Laertes. Truly, there you have the embryo for a part that, worked up into the whole drama, would exactly suit a FROHMAN star and make a FROHMAN play. "What," exclaims Mr. FROHMAN, "would be a modern manager's impression to-day if confronted by the manuscript of a play like 'Hamlet,' if proffered for its theme and its purely technical construction?" What, indeed, if the manager were an American and a member of the syndicate. Mr. FROHMAN observes that in "Tess," "Tanqueray," and "Fedora," "Cleopatra" and "Patrie," "the action is coldly classical." SARDOU, nevertheless, seems to be his high-water mark. Ranging over the whole field of dramatic art, Mr. FROHMAN ends with an inspiring list of masterpieces, selected at random, he says, but all "sound, sane, and convincing in theme, plot, character, and treatment." "The Lady of Lyons" is made remarkable for "character-study"—the quality in which "Hamlet," if we understand Mr. FROHMAN, is such a failure. "The Wife" is on the list as "a splendid variant" of "The Banker's Daughter" theme. No wonder American legends include the tale that when Miss MAUDE ADAMS wished to play "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN ordered a scenario prepared for his perusal.

GETTING
ABOUT

IMPROVED MODES OF TRAVEL are doing much for the health and happiness of the ordinary man, and most of all for the ordinary woman. Each new step, like the New York Subway, means the freeing of millions from fatigue and illness. It enables thousands to have houses in the suburbs instead of rooms or dark and dingy flats in town. It reduces the time given to the exhausting work of daily passing to and fro. It is the army of workers, with their long hours and pallid faces, who give meaning to such mechanical improvements. To them the trolley was a godsend, lightening their burdens in the towns, making a healthy pleasure of their travel in the country. Electricity and open cars upon the elevated have meant refreshment instead of summer strain and suffering. The horse, of noble memory, in passing from our city streets, goes to a happier existence. Dismal racks of bone will soon cease to struggle over stony roads. A large part of life, for man and the beasts in his employ, is spent in getting from place to place and

back again, and all that part of life is brightened by the skill and enterprise which digs through rock and harnesses vehicles to an electric question mark.

SCIENCE IS THE WIZARD of the present. It tells stories not surpassed by any romancer of the past. We have been reading lately not of wireless telegraphy, the telephone, torpedoes, smokeless powder, or any of the great inventions which change the course of history, but of the small and humble microbe and the injustice often done him. First, as to his stature. In the distance measured by a straight line between this page of COLLIER's and the next—in the thickness of this sheet of paper—there is room for over a hundred bacteria to lie comfortably side by side. One of these creatures, by a simple process of self-division, can often become two in thirty minutes, which, continued for twenty-four hours, gives from one microbe 281,470,000,000. We have become accustomed to realizing that death for us lurked in these tiny creatures, but it is more novel to have scientists tell us of the good for which bacteria are responsible. They add to the fertility of our soil. For an average cubic inch of garden earth, from ten to forty million of these animals would be a moderate population. They make soil as well as fertilizing it. Some, nourishing themselves from air, become so much pure addition to the farm. So we can not in justice draw an indictment against the entire race of microbes.

WORTHY
MICROBES

SOCIALISTS ARE MILITANT, and as a class are busily engaged in propagating their doctrines. Sometimes they overdo it. When an article by a Socialist appeared in this paper some weeks ago, we were immediately flooded with mail orders for that number. Probably no Socialist bought his extra copies on the stands. He wished us to know how valuable commercially it was to print an argument of that trend. A flood of letters and postal cards also celebrated the lucubration, and sometimes a dozen of these postals would be postmarked from one village. It is attractive, it is often touching, to read the sincere outbursts of those who identify dissatisfaction at this world with belief in the efficacy of one nostrum for its cure. It is interesting in a lighter way to see the energy with which professional Socialists undertake to extend their cause. They are as enthusiastic and as audible as the army of General BOOTH. In such details, however, as this postal card bombardment of approval, they may sometimes err in strategy. They may make reading the mail such a nuisance that we shall refrain from further articles setting forth their doctrines.

TOO EAGER
SOCIALISTS

THE KING OF ITALY, since his son was born, has been celebrating by donating titles with which no property goes. In the German Empire, a title of nobility can be purchased, with guarantee attached, for \$40,000. In Portugal the price is about one-fiftieth as high. Austria, Roumania, Spain, Turkey, Persia find in such sales an honest source of income. In England titles are not sold. A banker or a brewer who becomes a peer gives nothing directly in exchange—nor does the unfortunate who receives the glorious appellation of poet-laureate. ALFRED AUSTIN received his promotion on his merits. He wrote verses so flat that no member of the virtuous German household that sits on England's throne could imagine they contained anything so indecent or dangerous as a thought. ALFRED, swollen with his high position, has taken to lecturing all England on the higher life. He finds the taste for poetry decaying. At least, it may be answered in defence that England prefers KIPLING, SWINBURNE, and STEPHEN PHILLIPS to the laureate. But ALFRED does not stop with censure. He plunges headlong into history. "SHAKESPEARE," he observes, in a letter to the London "Times," "could by no possibility have borrowed prose passages from any one and made poetry of them by turning them into verse. The white heat, the fine frenzy of the brain, in the moment of such composition, precludes so cold a procedure." So cold a "procedure" would, of course, be impossible for ALFRED, whose mind rolls continually in a purple frenzy; but about SHAKESPEARE the impartial mind will now be embarrassed. On the one hand, we have absolute proof that SHAKESPEARE did take prose passages from other writers and turn them into poetry. On the other hand, we have the laureate's assurance that SHAKESPEARE couldn't have done it. Perhaps the best way to avoid these distressing complications in the future will be to have no official poet-aster and judge of poetry when ALFRED is taken from us.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND IN KENTUCKY POLITICS



CALEB POWERS

The Republican Secretary of State for Kentucky, who was condemned to death after three trials for complicity in the murder of Senator Goebel



THE CAPITOL OF KENTUCKY

Kentucky's capitol is divided into two buildings—the legislative hall in the centre and the State offices to the right. From the Secretary of State's office, in the latter building, the fatal shot was fired, killing Senator Goebel as he was passing the fountain in the centre of the walk



JAMES HOWARD

Former Republican Clerk of Clay County, now in the Frankfort Penitentiary under life sentence, charged with having shot William Goebel

THE assassination of William Goebel nearly five years ago plunged Kentucky into a storm of private hatreds, factional wars, civil and political turmoil, whose wreckage of lives and reputations has left a blasted trail across the Commonwealth. In a State whose feuds have shocked the entire nation, this political tragedy and the deadly enmities arising from it, and seeking by political agencies to wreak their vengeance, dwarf the bitterest of the clan wars. Its widening influence will not have died away a century hence, in the opinion of those who have watched its development. Since the day that Goebel, with the governorship almost within his grasp, was shot down in front of the capitol, no political issue has been free from its taint and bias. Thousands of votes have been changed at every subsequent election on the question of whether Caleb Powers, now appealing for the third time from sentence of death on a charge of having formed a conspiracy to murder Goebel, is a cold-blooded murderer or the victim of a furious and unreckoning partisan hatred. In the present election Powers' fate is one of the issues. In order to keep it from the public mind as much as possible, the Court of Appeals has repeatedly postponed its decision, which was expected last February, and which will now probably be held over until after election. But the issue is one which can not be banished, and this year it assumes added point because of Judge James E. Cantrill's candidacy for the Court of Appeals. It was Cantrill who, sitting in the first two Powers trials, exhibited so hostile a demeanor toward the accused, and so bitter a partisanship in his conduct of the trial, as to result in his summary removal from the case by the higher court, and the ordering of a new trial.

Principal Figures of the Drama

Powers, Secretary of State of Kentucky at the time of the murder, and now in the Louisville jail; James Howard, clerk of Clay County, under life sentence on charge of having actually fired the fatal shot; Henry E. Youtsey, who was private stenographer to the State Auditor, working out a lifetime at hard labor in the Frankfort Penitentiary, are the principal figures in the drama now left in Kentucky. W. S. Taylor, elected Governor of Kentucky, is a fugitive in Indiana, fearing to return to his home, as is also Charles Finley, a former Secretary of State. Other men, of former promise and prominence, are banished, or wandering far from Kentucky, fearing either the bullet of private vengeance or persecution by political foes if they return.

The conditions focused in the murder had been long gathering. Senator Goebel was a Covington lawyer who began life poor, and got his start as an office boy for John G. Carlisle. He was a man of uncompromising hatreds, a bitter partisan, and hostile to corporate interests, which were the red rag of his political arena. His first prominence sprang from the battle for a United States Senatorship between Jo. C. S. Blackburn and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. Goebel took sides with Buckner, the Cold Democrat, against Blackburn. This defection caused a clash between Goebel and John L. Sanford, a Covington banker, who was a strong supporter of Blackburn. Between these two men slumbered the embers of an old feud, and they began to assail each other in print, using language which, in almost any other community, would have involved them in trouble for violating public decency. They encountered one another on the steps of the Covington bank, one day, and Goebel seems to have got the drop. Anyway, when the smoke cleared, Sanford lay dead, with a bullet through his heart. Goebel was unharmed.

The pathway that led straight to his own tragedy began with the election of William Goebel to the State Senate, and the passage of his Election Law. It was a bold measure of a bold partisan. It threw the whole machinery for the control of State elections into the lap of the Democratic party, to do with as they would. Three election commissioners were given power to appoint every election officer in the State, to tabulate election returns, to issue certificates of election, and to

try all contested cases, as a court from whose decision there was no appeal. These commissioners were appointed by a Democratic Legislature, and at one master stroke Republican representation was, in theory, eliminated from the control or supervision of the ballot in Kentucky. There were some Democrats who could not swallow this partisanship run amuck, and they joined the Republicans in bitter warfare against Goebel and his backing. In 1899, Goebel sought the Governor's chair, and became the Democratic nominee, which stirred up a rampant factional fight, with Gen. W. J. Stone and former Gov. John Young Brown, in his own party, bitterly opposing him. When the votes were counted in November, the Republican candidate, W. S. Taylor, who had served four years as Attorney-General of Kentucky, was declared elected by a majority of 2,383 votes by an honest Democratic election board, who delivered the election certificates to the Republican nominees. This was a stunning blow to Goebel and his followers. Furious that the election machinery, planned to grind out results for the party, had reversed its wheels, and that a Democratic Commission should have permitted a Republican election by a beggarly majority, they carried the contest to the Legislature. By forcing an act of the Legislature, Goebel proposed to override his own carefully constructed Election Law, which had gone wrong because of an unforeseen contingency; a commission which was not amenable to partisan influence.

Governor Taylor, duly elected, was threatened with ejection from his office, and his colleagues with him. At this time, while the balance swayed and hesitated, and in a tumult of excitement such as in Kentucky may explode at any time into something like civil war, young Caleb Powers, the Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, holding office at that uncertain time, took a bold hand in the political crisis, and organized and led to Frankfort one thousand mountaineers, armed with rifles, ostensibly to petition the Legislature. As the city was already full of armed Goebel men, actual civil war seemed imminent. Cooler heads among the Republicans deprecated the bringing in of the so-called "Mountain Army," and advised Powers to send the men home. The Legislature, terrified, refused to accord a hearing to the representatives of the mountaineers. Rumors flew, to the effect that the army had decided to invade the State House, give the Legislature fifteen minutes to settle the contest, and then begin the shooting. The mountaineers, however, did nothing more

lawless than to hold an indignation meeting, after which they were sent back to their own country, with the exception of some hundred and fifty stragglers, who scattered about town. They played no part in the succeeding events.

In the Legislature the issue remained doubtful, though the balance seemed to be swaying toward Goebel. If he could capture a few disaffected Democrats, he would be able to oust Taylor and make himself a sort of fiat Governor. On January 30, 1900, he was walking toward the legislative building with Jack Chinn, who has a reputation but no record as a trigger expert, and "Eph" Lillard, warden of the State Penitentiary. They were not with Goebel by accident, for his life had been threatened, and he knew he moved in a cloud of deadly danger.

A shot was fired as the trio reached the little fountain in the centre of the walk. Other shots followed quickly, and William Goebel threw up his hands and sank down, mortally hurt. His companions, not knowing what was coming next, ran away and left their dying leader. In a few minutes he was carried unconscious from the grounds. At this time Caleb Powers was on a train, thirty miles away.

The murder threw a torch into a magazine of explosive factional hatred and tension. The supporters of Goebel made a rush for the executive building, whence the shots came. Inside the building, Governor Taylor was consulting with a number of his advisers. As soon as the news was brought, they prepared for an attack. Messengers were sent to the arsenal, and the troops were sent to the State House to protect it. The situation danced on the ragged edge of civil war. The Adjutant-General ordered State troops from every direction, who rushed to Frankfort, obeying the frantic summons of Taylor, a Governor who did not quite know whether he was in or out of office.

Fifty Thousand Votes Thrown Out

The Legislature, in the midst of the seething disorder, tried to assemble for the purpose of declaring William Goebel Governor of Kentucky on his deathbed. Governor Taylor declared the body adjourned, to meet at London, Ky.—a futile decree from a tottering throne. He knew he was riding to a fall, and to back up his last shadow of authority, overran the town with troops, who blocked all entrance to the legislative hall. The legislators found a way to laugh at the martial blockade. One night, by secret agreement, they contrived to hold a meeting in Capitol Hotel, and registered the votes needed to depose the Republican officials in office and elect the Goebel faction. Whether this was a legal session of the Legislature has always been questioned. The deed was done by throwing out all of the vote of Louisville, and one or two mountain counties. The claim set up as reason for tossing the votes of more than 50,000 freemen into the waste basket was that the paper used for the ballots was so thin that it could be read through by the election officials. Whatever the merits of the methods used in settling the issue, the result ousted Republican control in Kentucky, after a narrow escape from a bloody civil war.

Goebel was dead of his wound and robbed of belated honors, and the first work at hand for his friends was to avenge his murder. Only one arrest was made during the turmoil in Frankfort. Harland Whittaker, a friend of Governor Taylor, was seen running away from the executive building right after the shot was fired, and he was captured and disarmed. He soon dropped into the background, when F. Wharton Golden, a militia sergeant, and a close friend of Caleb Powers, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, made a detailed confession. A hundred thousand dollar reward fund had been appropriated by the Legislature, and the size of it aroused the bitterest accusations of thirst for "blood money" against every one who shared in the prosecution. The confession of Golden was influenced by hope of this fortune, but much of it was substantiated. According to him, it was decided that Goebel must be killed, after lawful protests and contests had



HENRY E. YOUTSEY

Former Secretary to Governor Taylor; now serving a life sentence, at hard labor, as the man upon whom rests the strongest evidence as the actual murderer of Senator Goebel

failed. Search was made for a man who would do the deed, and several were approached. The murder was to be accomplished by shooting from the window of the office of the Secretary of State, Caleb Powers, who was alleged to be the head of the conspiracy. Henry E. Youtsey, who had the room next to Powers, was to manage the affair. Two negroes, Mason Hookersmith and "Tallow Dick" Coombs, were obtained by promise of \$2,500 each and free pardons from Governor Taylor, but they could not be trusted. So Jim Howard was sent for, and he did the shooting. Such is the theory on which the prosecution worked out their case.

Jim Howard had come to town to see Governor Taylor about getting a pardon for the killing of "Old George" Baker in the famous Clay County feud. The Baker faction had shot down Howard's father and his foster brother, when Jim Howard, riding in to get them alive or dead, met George Baker and killed him. From the testimony it seems to have been largely a matter of who fired first. Twice the case against Howard resulted in a mistrial, the second jury standing eleven for acquittal to one for conviction. Howard arrived in Frankfort less than an hour before Goebel was killed, and the evidence that he was in the vicinity of the capitol at all is so inconclusive that it may fairly be doubted whether any man who did not have a "record" could have been convicted on it. The trial of Powers was the most bitterly fought cause in the criminal

records of Kentucky. With a \$100,000 prosecution fund, and a lawyer at the head of the prosecution who had been forced to leave his own State because of popular indignation at his methods of obtaining evidence and of handling juries, there was widespread suspicion of illegal methods. Against one of the State's important witnesses perjury was so plainly proven that he was withdrawn from the case. The defence forced his indictment. He was released on \$300 bail, and naturally disappeared. The strong facts against Powers were the confessions of his alleged accomplices, Golden and Youtsey, Powers' ill-judged utterances during the political excitement before the murder, and the fact that he attempted to escape from Frankfort in disguise, with a pardon from Governor Taylor in his pocket. It should be understood, however, that by the Kentucky law a pardon is operative before conviction, and implies no guilt.

No Justice at This Trial

Aside from any question of Powers' guilt or innocence, he was convicted each time before a partisan judge and by a partisan jury obtained by methods which the Court of Appeals criticised in reversing the case. In the first trial Judge Cantrill practically aided in seeing that the jury should be made up of Goebel Democrats. Such methods as these it was that alienated thousands of the best Democrats from their party, and made them advocates, if not of Powers, at least of fair play for

Powers. The speech of the defendant before the jury made him friends in all parts of the country.

More fortunate than Powers, Governor Taylor escaped to Indiana, thereby saving his life. For the ex-Secretary of State is made the chief figure in the vengeance only because the ex-Governor could not be caught. No one doubts that for Governor Taylor to set foot on Kentucky soil would be absolutely suicidal. The Governor of Indiana has consistently refused to give him up, on the ground that it would be impossible for him to get a fair trial in Kentucky.

In the last gubernatorial election, the Democrats, now controlled by Goebel's political heirs, were triumphant, and a new impetus was given to the eager and persistent prosecution of the feud, political and social.

The Democratic Governor, Beckham, in his campaign speeches declared that he would not interfere with the course of the law in the cases of the conspirators tried and to be tried. Colonel Belknap, the Republican candidate, was asked to make his intentions known in equally emphatic terms. He replied that he could not say what he would do in any particular case, as his action would depend upon the justice of the plea. The question of guilt or innocence aroused at the polls the hatreds set blazing three years before. Future elections for many years will be colored with the right or wrong of the punishments meted out to the men accused of murdering William Goebel.

WHAT AILS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

FOR eleven years the Democratic party has been sick—sicker than at any other time in its long and varied career. It has had periods of depression before, but never one like this. In the darkest days of the war and reconstruction epochs the Democracy remained a vigorous fighting force. In 1862 it carried New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In 1868 it would have elected Seymour President if the South had not been under military rule. In 1870 it carried New York, Connecticut, Indiana, and Oregon, held complete control of California, made an even run in Pennsylvania, and looked forward with confidence to the Presidential election of 1872. In 1874 it swept the country, and for nineteen years thereafter the Republican party remained in a continuous popular minority. But from 1893 to the present time the Democracy has been not merely beaten, but demoralized. It has been stricken with a deadly paralysis. It has been helpless in the face of such opportunities as an insolent and reckless dominant party, drunk with power, never offered to an opposition before. How are we to diagnose its disease?

Perhaps the trouble may be described as a fatty degeneration of harmony. Harmony is a good thing in moderation, but the Democracy has had too much of it. It has sacrificed too much of principle, of unity, of heart, and of fighting energy in holding together men who do not belong together. It has lived in abject terror of a split. A split is what it needs. The party will never be larger until it is smaller. When it sloughs off some of its diseased tissue it may hope for a healthy growth.

American Politics and American Issues

Until the campaign of 1880—the time when a Republican politician said that there was "one more President in the bloody shirt"—American politics turned on purely American issues. The parties were coherent and energetic because each held a definite position on those issues, acceptable to the bulk of its own members. The questions in dispute being purely political, not social, farmers, laboring men, and corporation magnates could and did belong to either party without any sense of incongruity. But from 1880 onward American politics underwent a revolution. It gradually assimilated itself to the politics of the world.

Now, in the civilized world of the twentieth century, there are two fundamental parties, more or less consciously organized in the various States—the Conservatives, or Reactionaries, on one side; the Liberals, or Progressives, on the other. The Republican party in the United States has found its place in the world-movement. It has definitely ranged itself as the American Conservative party—the party of reaction, of class privilege, of government for the profit of special interests. It has converted, frozen out or silenced all its liberal elements. It has made former free-traders like President Roosevelt talk protection. It is a definite, coherent entity, under complete command. As Secretary Hay happily said: "The Republican party is the ship"—a pirate ship, it is true—"all else is the sea."

But while the place of the Conservative party is thus filled, the opposite, the Liberal place, is still vacant. It belongs naturally to the Democracy, but the Democracy has not yet ventured to take it. The close of the war and reconstruction epoch found the Democratic organization loaded up with many men who would have no place in a Liberal party—who would never have joined such a party if modern issues had been at the front when their political affiliations were formed. Many of these men were and are powerful in the Democratic organization. In the long years of opposition their lack of sympathy with the logical tendencies of the party had caused no great disturbance. It was easy enough for all kinds of Democrats to fight a Force bill, or even to denounce the war tariff in general terms, without saying what they would put in its place. But as soon as the party came into complete control of the Government, as it did for the first time in 1893, it was necessary to carry out a policy, and then the trouble began. No sooner had Cleveland swept the country on a platform of radical tariff reduction than Senator Go-

man tiptoed to Washington and said that the party must be "conservative." Ex-Senator Davis insisted

that he must have protection for his coal mines. Sen-

ator Murphy looked out for collars and cuffs. Even Mr.

Cleveland, through Secretary Carlisle, warned Congress

that it would be well to be just a little cautious about

sugar.

The Democratic party was badly discredited by the Wilson-Gorman tariff episode, but it could have been gradually worked into a healthy condition but for a frightful blunder on the part of its progressive elements. Instead of pressing for a truly Liberal policy, as opposed to the reactionary policy of the Republican Junkerbund, they allowed themselves to be led off upon a free-silver sidetrack. Now, free silver is no part of a Liberal creed. It has no connection with progressive reforms. In Europe, bimetalism is, or was when it was alive, the fad of Tories, Agrarians, and Reactionaries. The Liberal and Radical parties have opposed it. Its adoption by the American Democracy at once split the party in precisely the wrong way—not by cleaving off those inharmonious elements that properly belonged on the Republican side, but by driving away a great part of the brains and conscience of the Liberal movement. The party has been trying for eight years to live down that mistake, and it has not yet succeeded. In the attempt it has submitted again to the leadership of the undemocratic elements that betrayed it in 1894, and naturally the results have not been inspiring.

What next?

First, the fact must be recognized that America has entered the world-movement, and that here as elsewhere the politics of the twentieth century will turn on social questions.

Next, Democrats must clearly realize that there is room for only one Conservative or Reactionary party in this country, and that the Republican party has definitely secured that place. There never could be a more conclusive test of that fact than we have seen in the campaign that has just ended. Theodore Roosevelt was detested by the privileged financial interests. In nominating a ticket recommended by a member of the Belmont-Morgan bond-syndicate, with a multimillionaire protectionist for Vice-President and a member of the Sugar Trust at the head of the New York State Committee, the Democrats made the strongest possible bid for Wall Street support. But, after a moment's hesitation, Wall Street realized that the Republican party was its own party, and it accepted it, Roosevelt and all, rather than risk an unexceptionable Democratic ticket with what it described as "the Huns in the background." After that there can be no crazier rainbow-chasing than to try to undermine the Republican party in the affections of "high finance." The Republican party is part of "the System," and there is no more use in grumbling at that fact than at the precession of the equinoxes.

Since it can not be the Conservative party, what is the logical thing for the Democracy to do? Obviously, to be the Liberal party. To do this it must reconcile itself to the loss of certain members who have no sympathy with Liberal principles. It must stop trying to please them in its platforms and its nominations. It must adopt a definite policy by which it is prepared to stand in victory or in defeat. It must not make its platforms to catch votes, but it must make the platforms it believes in and then try to convince a majority of the voters that they are right.

Loyalty and Party Relations

Mr. Bryan absurdly resented the "disloyalty" of certain Democrats who refused to vote for him and free silver in 1896 and 1900. The question of "loyalty" has no proper place in party relations. A party is a voluntary association of citizens who think that certain policies are best for the country. A citizen who does not believe those policies best naturally ceases to act with the party. A party that depends on discipline instead of on conviction to keep its members in line is in a bad way. What the Democracy needs is a body of genuine principles, in which it honestly believes and upon which it can make an intelligent appeal to the judgment of the country.

In boldly taking the Liberal plunge, the Democrats would have this fact to reassure them: The Liberal party in a modern country is normally the majority

party; the Conservative party is normally in the minority. This is so from the very nature of things, because the people who profit by the abuses which it is the mission of a Conservative party to maintain are necessarily few in comparison with those who suffer from those abuses. The Conservative party may often win elections by good organization, skillful leadership, money, and opposition blunders, but it never rests on the broad base of popular sympathy and confidence. The Republicans have been a minority party in this country ever since the close of the Civil War period. They were a minority party in 1896, when a million Gold Democrats let them into power on a single temporary issue. They are a minority party to-day, and Theodore Roosevelt, notwithstanding the fact that he has received the votes of hundreds of thousands of citizens who have no sympathy with his political associations, is a minority President. The Democrats, Populists, and Socialists, all anti-Republican elements, could have beaten him easily if their forces had not been divided.

What the Democracy needs is to find some way of combining most of the citizens who are traveling in the same direction and to cut loose from those who want to travel somewhere else. Democrats, Populists, and Socialists all agree that the powers of government ought not to be used to enrich a few at the expense of the many. The Populists would go a great deal further, and the Socialists further still, but there is no reason why they should not ride on the Democratic car as far as it runs. But if they should find the car off the track and bumping toward the Republican terminal, naturally they would see no advantage in boarding it.

Politics and Wealth

As a true Liberal party the Democracy would have to expect a considerable shrinkage in the available sources of campaign funds. It would not, however, be by any means destitute of rich men. Not wealth, but the abuses of wealth, would be in the line of its fire. It would be easy to pick out half a dozen men, with fortunes aggregating at least a hundred million dollars, who would feel perfectly at home in a party pledged to the equal enforcement of the laws, the abolition of all partnerships between the government and favored capitalists, and the maintenance of the public rights in every form of public property. No man who would lobby for a tariff subsidy from the nation or steal a franchise from a city has any business in a Liberal party, but the millionaire who is a citizen first and a rich man afterward, could join such a party without finding his fortune any incumbrance.

The difference between the Socialists and Populists on one hand and a liberalized Democracy on the other, would be the difference between a theory and an attitude. Socialism is a cult, and its followers have a complete system of dogma. Democracy, as a practical governing party, could have no thoroughgoing theory. Its policy would have to be opportunist. But it would have an attitude—the attitude of sympathy with all reasonable attempts to promote the public welfare. This would determine its course toward each concrete proposition that came before it. Suppose, for instance, the question related to a parcels post. The Socialist would say: "Is this a step toward the Co-operative Commonwealth? If so, I am for it." The Democrat would say: "Will this promote the general convenience? If so, I favor it." The Republican would say: "How will this affect the express companies? If it would cut down their profits I am against it."

Such questions as those of the tariff, the income tax, and postal savings banks and telegraphs, would be met in the same spirit. The Republican party would always inquire first what effect any proposition would have upon the corporations, trusts, and other financial interests whose agent it is. The Democracy would ask whether the plan promised a public benefit or not. Under these conditions it could count upon receiving the votes of most thoughtful Populists and Socialists until it reached the point where their roads diverged.

Still, it must not be imagined for a moment that the late election was a test of the comparative strength of Reactionary, Progressive and Liberal sentiment in the United States. (Continued on p. 28.)



THE VILLAIN DIES!

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

AUTUMN PLAYS : By Norman Hapgood

"Business is Business"

ALTHOUGH the business man is the dominating character in America, he has not figured largely in literature and the drama. Henry James drew a broad and powerful portrait of him in "The American," and Silas Lapham has lasted in the general mind; but the pictures are few which promise to survive. The character of David Harum may or may not be remembered. It is, at any rate, one of many humorous side lights, not an attempt to seize the predominant type.

English also have done little with the man of commerce. Their class distinctions, the pervasiveness of social standards and minute shades of importance, are reflected in their art. The French have studied the topic artistically with more success than any other nation. Their realistic novelists have painted a gallery of business men, and their dramatists have added to it. Augier made the greatest comedy of the nineteenth century out of the character of old Poirier. Before that time the modern business man did not exist.

William H. Crane has always had the merit of portraying American types. He is now acting, and acting extremely well, a character which, although not American, is of more aptness in America than any that our own playwrights have wit enough to draw. The protagonist is a Frenchman, differing from our own great commercial figures in detail rather than in substance. An Englishman wrote me scathingly the other day because I referred in an editorial to the President of Harvard as "Mr." Eliot, and that little incident, showing the difference in the dignity of a prefix in two countries, symbolized to my mind a host of trifles in which things essentially the same vary with geography. One who can ignore these accidents will find in this play from the Théâtre Français the strongest picture of the contemporary business man yet put upon our stage. The more a person has thought already, the more it will give him to think about. It has small "love interest." Love's young dream is not the motive, nor is the favorite substitute. It deals but slightly with love, either sentimental or illicit. In real life we may give more thought to food, and still more to work, but as soon as we enter the theatre we demand the everlasting man and maid, with seldom a better escape than the man and matron.

This French picture of the man of business is harsh. In America it would have been gentler had it portrayed the average, but would a picture of the real "kings" be anything but cruel? Monsieur Lechat is worth ten million dollars. In America he would have "made" some hundred millions; "gained" it, as his daughter says, with bitter precision, avoiding the verb to steal. The play is not remarkable in construction, but it ends in a burst of strength, and it leaves an image; strong, crafty, cruel; vain of all the myriad things he owns; rejoicing in the pronoun "I"; insolent, successful, and ignoble.

Let me propose a contrast. Suppose a father engaged in actual crime—a horse thief—ardent, generous, full of blood, peopling the neighborhood with his progeny, coming from prison to new pursuits. Let his son be a pillar of the church, richer than kings, avaricious, with private vices unsuspected, or without them; always safely out of jail. A knowledge of how each man got his money will show the father the better man. And this is one tale of thousands enacted in this land to-day. When we remember our enormous, virgin life of energy, robbery, liberty, slavery, we might expect to have something native besides nonsense on our stage. It need not be dismal. Comedy in plenty there is, in pride of money, so ingenious that it gives the gods and angels happy laughter, in the simple-minded use of words like great and big, in the little circuses that we poor humans dress for and enact.

The upper ranks of journalism have their eyes fast-

ened on the business man. They see him as the protagonist of current American history. He not only changes the face of the earth; he rules the country. If successful he can own a Senator as easily as you or I can own a cat. Why do journalists appreciate him, while the stage does not? Merely because in America journalism is to drama as a living expression is to death.

Marriage and George Bernard Shaw

MANY things deal with marriage. The churchmen have been officially discussing it. George Meredith has declared in favor of ten-year leaseholds, renewable by consent. Shaw takes up "Candida" and its effect on married women in New York. He had heard that they were so serious about it that they immediately wished to domesticate young poets. Shaw therefore laughs at their interest. Had he heard that "Candida" was taken as badinage, he would have proved its profundity. Had the ladies thought it shocking, he would have proved its morality. He has one formula: do the unexpected. When a person is hardened to this trick of mere reversal, where is Shaw?

He has something left: theatrical skill and wit. "How He Lied to Her Husband," the farcical skit on "Candida," shares in its way the merit of its predecessor. It causes talk. When the theatre exacts discussion it is convalescent. The freshest hit in the new Shaw play is the light thrown on man's jealousy. The husband is suspicious. The lover declares that, although he and the wife are close friends, he never found her otherwise attractive. At this the husband rages. When the lover confesses to real love, the husband is delighted. He wishes his wife to be appreciated. "Candida" gave pleasure to the intelligent. It also led spectators to air their minds. The new play is not as interesting, but it pricks a bubble or two. Usually women who talk liberty mean discontent. "How He Lied to Her Husband" will instruct them. Matrimony is an institution not to be conquered by an epigram. Ten-year leases will be absurd, at least as long as most women do not support themselves and probably as long as women bear the children. It may not be a luxurious arrangement, but it is humane.

For the benefit of the serious I reprint a newspaper summary of a recent census bulletin on divorce. It shows an increase of twenty-five per cent, among the non-leisure classes of men, in ten years preceding 1900, over the previous decade: "There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors, and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of married infelicity. Next among the high averages come the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paperhangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers." How the leisure classes would compare with actors and marines, the document does not reveal.

Shaw's idea of writing a dramatic comment on a drama is not original. "L'Ecole des Femmes" was followed by "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes." Shaw is clever, but he is not Molière. Molière said always what he meant. Shaw says always what, to his mind, seems likely to astonish.

"Romeo and Juliet"

THE stars in their courses occasionally work for betterment. The combination of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern improves the quality of our pleasures. Never, in my experience, has the greatest tragedy of youth been acted with nearly such talent

and comprehension. Although he is not satisfying in the part, Mr. Sothern is the best Romeo I have seen. His melancholy is poetic, he is intelligent about details, he makes clear the contrasts of the young man's life; first the self-encouraged love for Rosalind; then the sweeping passion; then, with Juliet's imagined death, the quiet of despair. At the beginning and the end he is admirable in a part of which the unsurpassed difficulties grow partly from the greater force and more central agency of Juliet. It is in the middle that Mr. Sothern will improve, no doubt, when he has sufficiently studied Romeo. An emotion so great that it tosses man as the hurricane uproots the tree is not expressed by sharp, decisive gestures. They mean action and the will. Romeo's feeling swells. It is not jerked out.

Miss Marlowe has reason to rejoice in being with so able, spiritual, and highly ambitious an associate. Acting always with inferiors, her faults lately have sprung from doing everything herself. Now she plays Juliet, singly, sincerely, nobly, and quits successful with a part so vast that even to avoid failure would be credit. Miss Marlowe triumphs, and to triumph as Juliet is indeed success. Years ago she embroidered it with a young girl's fancy. Now she plays it at the very heart of Juliet, and the decoration is but the outside of the burning truth within. Hers is Juliet's noble self, sometimes playful, charming, clever, but with these lighter aspects merely dancing on the ocean of her fiery soul. Miss Marlowe has become a woman, with the profound strength of a woman's passion, and she has retained and tamed the graces of a girl. Her knowledge as an artist has grown also with regard to method as with regard to life. Never have I seen the bad parts of Shakespeare (left over from the earlier play)—such as the scenes with the nurse and with the potion—so tactfully diminished. Never have I seen the vernal poetry of the balcony and the summer poetry of the bedroom parting risen to with such noble competence. Some think Miss Marlowe's new Juliet too mature and knowing. To my mind Juliet, whatever her formal age, had the insight and completion which woman's passion gives.

Horrors of Sardou

SARDOU'S latest drama tends to make one charitable—to other plays. Some bad plays can be met with sleep or departure. Sardou has a depraving skill which compels attention without satisfaction or amusement. Some poor plays are interesting, being living organisms, as yellow dogs are interesting, or ordinary men. Sardou's are machines; ugly and coarse; galvanized corpses. Sardou has retained his evil traits and lost what he had of good. "La Tosca" equaled "The Sorceress" in degradation, but surpassed it in vivacity. "The Sorceress" contains but one good line. That is a quotation. For the rest, the thought is represented by "I have yet to see the man that is worthy of my love," and "Fool that I was, I did not understand."

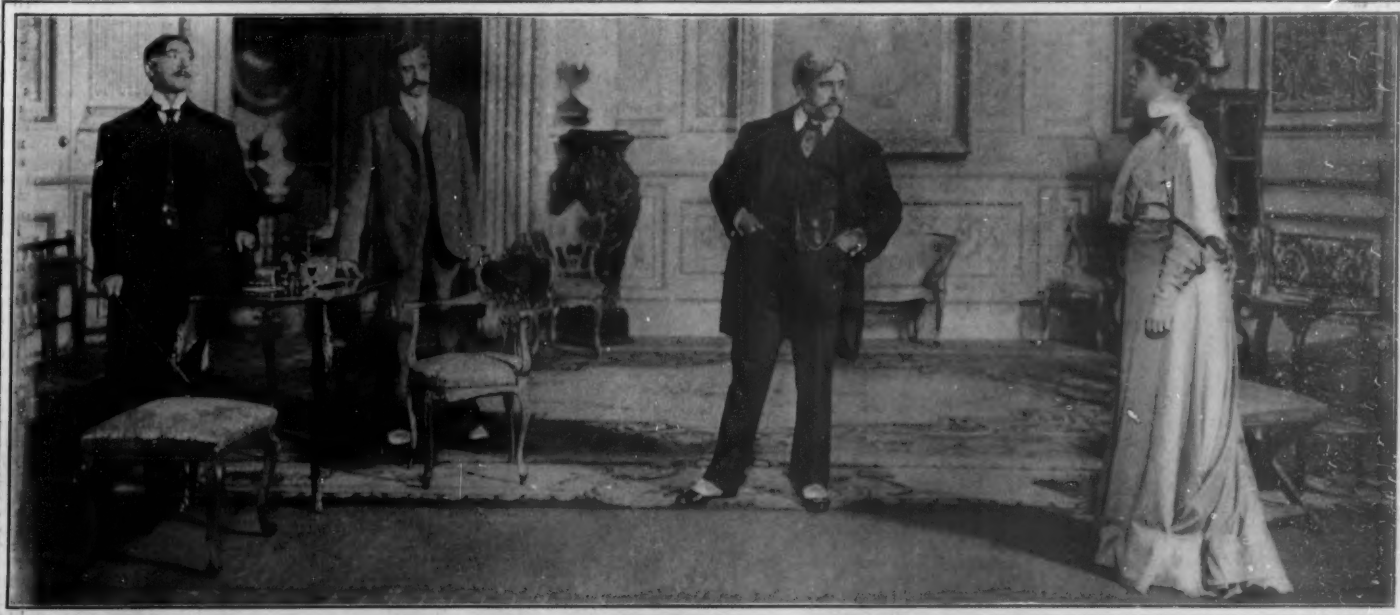
Jokes and situations alike are reserved for the last three acts. That is Sardou's economy. He once economized for fifteen minutes. Now he economizes through half the play. The change is unimportant.

The theme is torture and the Inquisition. The houses might be as large, and the production cheaper, if the play were omitted and somebody tortured in earnest on the stage. The moral value would remain the same.

Historically it is the drama of a bigot. It causes deeds of the Inquisition to be committed not by credulous enthusiasts, but by nineteenth or twentieth century unbelievers. Kindly men condoned torture in a day when it was believed better for the body to suffer than for the soul to be cast into hell. "Come, we need



David Warfield, Master Richard Kessler, and Minnie Dupree in "The Music Master"; and Mabel Taliaferro, Madge Carr Cook, and Master W. B. Jaynes in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"



William H. Crane and Katherine Grey in "Business is Business"



Margaret Dale, John Drew, Fanny Brough, and Ferdinand Gottschalk in "The Duke of Killicrankie"; and Cecilia Loftus and H. Reeves Smith in "The Serio-Comic Governess"

SCENES FROM SOME OF THE SEASON'S SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

a victim. Here is an innocent one. Let us collect perjury and false confession and burn her flesh." Such is Sardou's medieval history. American school-books do as well.

Some actors think Sardou improves them, by forcing violent tricks. In reality, he almost ruined the great S rah, who recovered her genius when she deserted him for Rostand. Far from me be blame of Mrs. Campbell. She has spent years in producing works of beauty, she has human obligations, and she is poor. She has the same right to coin money from the French juggler that others have to manufacture boots, literature, or brass-head tacks.

A Bunch of Playwrights

MR. PINERO is able and cold-blooded. He has been playing the woman-in-a-corner game for years, and in "Letty" he continues. The moral is beyond reproach,—marrying a photographer and settling down is better for a woman than trifling with the law. Morals have never been very real to Mr. Pinero.

They have been mainly a promising field for dramatic material. The last act of "Letty" seems to have a more genuine manner of really comprehending the moral conventions, and the experience that has caused them, than anything Mr. Pinero has written. George Meredith has said that Gladstone was a man not of great intellect, but of great aptitude. Changing the scale, the remark could be fitted to Mr. Pinero. His rival, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is whole-hearted in presenting the upper average view of everything; in sentiment he is soft, but in comedy he gives a cheerful humor with more deftness, coherence, and moderation than most of his fellow workmen. Therefore "Joseph Entangled" will be a source of pleasure to fairly civilized thousands. Captain Marshall is popular, always; and "The Duke of Killcrankie" is no exception. My friends adore it. The most popular line, on the night when I drifted in, was "Birds of a feather flock together—and here we are." Once, as a dramatic critic, with the professional conscience turned in that direction, I thought it my duty to attack such vacuous successes; but when a man's mind is turned to politics, a little weak drama

seems without importance, just as when he thinks mainly of drama, or the other arts, he fails to be excited about the shortcomings of a President, Mayor, or Governor. George Ade is altogether American, from his spirit to his slang. "The College Widow" deals with football and has college girls in constant and generous quantity in the football training quarters, where, doubtless, if they are happy they do no harm. Israel Zangwill used to write failures of high quality, like "Children of the Ghetto" and "The Never, Never Land." Now he manufactures bad plays for good actresses, as "Merely Mary Ann" for Eleanor Robson and "The Serio-Comic Governess" for Cecilia Loftus. Why should Mr. Zangwill not write to me, for publication, a few paragraphs on how he likes the change, with similar contributions, perhaps, from Miss Loftus and Miss Robson? No more occurs to me to say about this bunch of playwrights. But I am unwilling to close this first autumn impression of our drama without hailing in David Warfield one of our finest actors, whose portrait in "The Music Master" is a masterpiece of beauty, true, sober originality, and exquisite delicacy of touch.

MUSICAL COMEDIES AND THE FALL OF MAN

By F. M. COLBY

AT THE close of the last London season two well-known English dramatic critics sat down to a solemn conversation, afterward published, on the decline of the drama. They attributed it in no small part to the ravages of the musical comedy, which was crowding the real play off the stage, ruining the popular taste and softening the brains of the aristocracy. The more hopeful of the two thought it a mere fashion, vile but transitory; the other took it for a sign of the times, and was proportionately depressed. In New York the competition of the musical comedy with the drama is not a serious matter, if it is anywhere, which I doubt. In the summer time, of course, it has long been the tradition that the lightest of genuine comedies is too heavy for a New Yorker, who at that time is supposed to care only for popular songs and horse-play. Even a good joke is barred out in the summer-time. New York is thought to be too hot for any but bad ones. So it is a choice between musical comedies and nothing. Last summer, shows like "The Southerners," "A Venetian Romance," and "Piff, Paff, Pouf"—which is still running—encroached only on vaudeville and roof gardens, and now that the season is in full swing, entertainments of this class bear no greater proportion than formerly to the unmusical plays. With us the musical comedy has not taken the place of anything better. It is merely a chimera bombinating in a vacuum. It is not debased opera bouffe, but modified vaudeville, and the more closely you observe the audiences the more certain you will be that they are not being enticed away from any higher form of amusement. In fact, it is a new class of theatre-goers, this musical comedy audience, bearing no resemblance to the kind of people who enjoyed Gilbert and Sullivan. If by a miracle a new light opera being a Gilbert and Sullivan ratio to what is now going on were suddenly to appear in a New York theatre, it would draw no one away from "Piff, Paff, Pouf," or "The Sho-Gun," or "The Madcap Princess," or "Mr. Wix," or "The School Girl." It would be as successful as in the earlier era, but its success would be due to a different element of our population.

What the Audiences Like

These five productions differ from one another in minor particulars and in degree of banality, but they are all commonplace, all reminiscent of what has gone before, and taken together they form an admirable epitome of the whole class. I believe they were all written in an acute consciousness of the danger of deviation, and to judge by the effect of any slight departure this may have been only prudent. For it was precisely those points in which they resembled all others that pleased the audience most, while any little touch of comparative novelty was received coldly. Horse-play, staple jokes, compiled music, and echo-haunted lines

were the essential features, and the chief ground of enthusiasm. If the writers threw in anything distinctive, it was superfluous or actually disagreeable. The average musical comedy audience is not merely indifferent to originality. It hates it as a dog hates perfume. It likes a new dance and a variety in costume, and it has an eye for color and the well-developed female form, but in words and music it likes best that which it is most used to, and in humor that which has come down to it from the neolithic age of fun. The efficiency of "Piff, Paff, Pouf," for example, is not due to the occasional suggestion of novelty in air or phrase, but to the make-up and physical activities of Mr. Eddie Foy the "sand-man," to the play of his legs and features and to the things he wears on his head. The applause of "The



Part of the "Buster Brown" Chorus in "Piff, Paff, Pouf"

Madcap Princess" was not won by the two or three good songs which Mr. Pruette, the baritone, rendered with much spirit, but by Miss Glaser's grotesque striding and ultra-comic twang. In "Mr. Wix" it was Mr. Edd Redway's grimaces and the way the leading lady slapped his face. In "The School Girl" Miss Edna May slaps Mr. Blakeley's face three times, and another character has a chair slip out from under him and sits on the floor. The newspaper critics pronounced it the best and "most refined" of all, perhaps not for this reason, though I recall nothing in the play that aroused so much enthusiasm as those slaps. Mr. George Ade's fancy in "The Sho-Gun" was under good business management, and seldom strayed from themes or methods already tried and found successful in the humorous columns of the daily press. It is in his best "I've-been-there," "onto-the-game" manner, which always fascinates.

The Critic Has His Troubles

The austere tone of these remarks will, I trust, be duly noted, and if any Superior Person has read thus far he will brace himself for a rush of invigorating invective. It will not come. A bored critic always generalizes. A generality will spread out from ennui like inflammation from a sliver. That is why certain friends who accompanied me to these genial entertainments were soon out on the sidewalk discussing the deterioration of man. That is why I, too, had a momentary impulse to write like Isaiah, but I beat it down.

The general level of musical comedy has remained the same for several years, and the five plays mentioned are neither above nor below it. "The Sho-Gun" is as good as the "Sultan of Sulu," and "The School Girl" as "Three Little Maids." Mr. Reginald de Koven, as in "Robin Hood," used to give us better things, and "The Geisha" stood out more distinctly in its day, but on the whole there has been little change for the worse. In one respect there has been a slight change for the better. The musical comedy is apt to be more pleasing to the eye. The dancing has improved, and so have the costumes and the setting. And while score and libretto are in the main rather undeviating through them all, there are a few little things in each of them that seem new. In "The Sho-Gun" there are several very pleasing turns of fancy, when Mr. George Ade lays down his newspaper. The author of "The Madcap Princess" devised a clever little opera-bouffe plot. He spoiled it, but at least he thought of it. You will find some agreeable melodies in the interstices of "Piff, Paff, Pouf," when the sand-man is out of sight and hearing, and in the last act of "The School Girl" there are sev-

eral graceful little touches and an entire lack of that crudity which marks the four other plays. Sometimes it seems as if the writer could do better if he tried. He forgets his market for the moment and indulges a fancy of his own. I recall one musical comedy a few years ago in which a vein of genuine humor ran side by side with the commonest kind of buffoonery, the writers alternating between what they thought was good and what they thought would succeed; and it was clear from the temper of the audience that, while the humor might have been dispensed with, the buffoonery had to be there.

In some chapters on modern business and the machine process, a professor of political economy has recently discussed what he calls the standardization of commodities and of human wants which has grown out

of the systematization of business and the increasing use of machinery. Uniformity of goods and uniformity of wants, standard tables and chairs, identical homes, and standard hours for doing things—the large industry has done all this and more, too; for its victims, he says, are actually thinking in "standardized units of thought." When a critical person has made up his mind that "Piff, Paff, Pouf," for example, is not a musical and dramatic attempt, but an ordinary market of the show industry, his artistic standards are of no further use. As a rule, however, he makes a merit of his indignation and becomes quite wearisome in pointing out to you and others how silly it really is. Writers on the subject seem to be divided between the high and

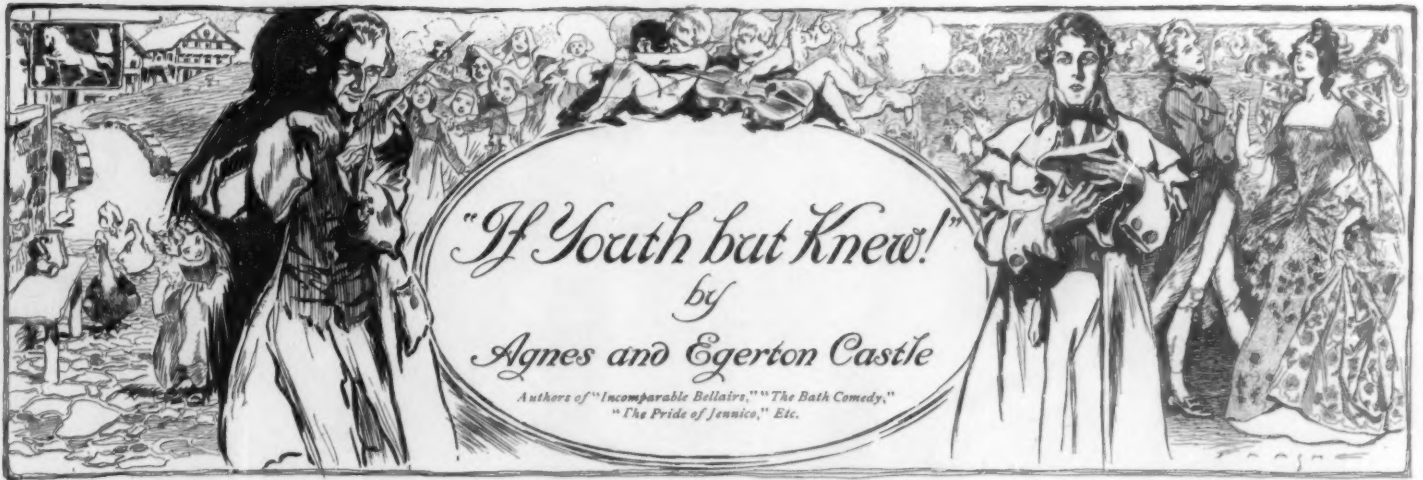
mighty who must needs be bitter or contemptuous or hortatory, and those ardent, simple creatures who are unaware of anything else: The musical comedy is simply a popular sport. It competes with pool, not with Shakespeare. Is there to be nothing for children, barbarians, and business men? Do we need a Juvenal for Punch and Judy? Mr. Thackeray's books are full of allusions to the foolish things he saw on the stage—pantomimes and ballet and robustious melodrama—and he made it quite clear that he thought them foolish without insisting on the point. That was because he knew so many people who seemed more foolish than the pantomimes. He could not think the stage to blame. He knew too that even he was sometimes silly and laughed without a cause. "I laugh when I feel laughy, as I sleep when I feel sleepy," he used to say. I believe there were hours in the life of Thackeray when he might even have weathered "Piff, Paff, Pouf." The ordinary play is an indoor game, and, of course, wholly devoid of any artistic motives. As a proof of the fallen state of man it is not nearly so convincing as many other things that the critic might mention. There are the wit and humor of the boarding-house table and the novels of last week and the political conversation of men in a club and the debates in a college faculty, the study of which will sufficiently explain the existence of musical comedy. It is a lucky man who does not number on his list of friends people who are a little worse than "The Sho-Gun." While a genius may appeal to all classes at once, men of talent seldom appeal to more than one. Most people dislike cleverness for its jolting interruption of their usual thoughts. Wit is a heresy to the dull, and art is painful to the inartistic, and the average play rests on a well-founded negation. The customs of the people about us ought to be as interesting as the bones of prehistoric man and the utensils of the cave-dwellers.

Our Old Friends, the Jokes

For in this musical comedy audience you will find all stages of the race of man. You will hear the Stone Age laugh and see things still pleasing to the Picts and Scots. That respectable couple down the aisle are undoubtedly feeling an Early Norman amusement. At "Mr. Wix," the Neanderthal man and his wife sat next to me. On the stage those things which are advertised as "up-to-date" are in reality the least modern. Slang and topical allusion disguise many a remark that we have read in Latin. Surely the hatred of common things is not the beginning of wisdom, nor is it an altogether sad fact that in this country so many people become well-to-do before they are civilized.



Edna May and George Grossmith, Jr., in "The School Girl"



A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure, Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

ILLUSTRATED WITH A HEADING BY E. M. ASHE AND SKETCHES BY FRED. PEGRAM

II.—ROSES OF TRIANON

STEVEN LEE, Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg—Englishman by education and in virtue of maternal heritage; Austrian subject by paternal descent and tenure of Silesian lands—a young man of usually fastidious and epicurean tastes, chose to linger for some reason (incomprehensible to his valet) in God-forsaken, out-of-the-way corners of Westphalia, this April in the year of wars 1813. Instead of making for the gay capital of King Jerome and enjoying himself "like a gentleman," he hung about the outskirts of the Thuringian Forest and haunted the inns of half-deserted townships, poverty-stricken villages on the high Imperial road.

While the postilions and the above-mentioned valet cursed the thin wine and the gross fare, while the horses of the traveling-chaise fretted the hours away in unworthy stables, their lord and master took solitary rambles on foot, as if in search of no one knew what, only to return, haughty as usual, weary and discontented.

When a halt was ordered for the night in the hamlet of Wellenshausen, instead of pushing on to the decent town of Halberstadt, valet Franz felt the situation more than his lively Viennese spirit could endure and vowed he would resign.

He tapped his forehead significantly as the Count strolled out of the vine-grown guest-house into the street, looking up and down in his singular, expectant fashion.

"'Tis question of a maiden," said postilion Peter, grimacing over his mug, "or else the devil's in it." Further than this their diagnosis of the master's state of mind could not go.

Albeit on the skirt of the low lands the village was yet of the mountain; riding, so to speak, a bold buttress of the distant wooded range, and sheltered to the north by an imposing crag, that rose, pinnacle-like and so detached and huge that it would have seemed inaccessible but for the strong-house on its summit. From the flank of this mount a torrent of black waters, strangely cold at all times, born in some mysterious and dreaded cavern of the rocks, rushed foaming brown and, noisily, cut the village in two on its way to the plain.

Steven Lee gazed upward at the Burg, frowning of aspect at most times, but just now, as it caught the rays of a sinking sun on its narrow windows, shining rosily into the valleys, his fancy was wafted up to the height on a wing of airy romance, when a clamor of children's voices turned his attention in a new direction.

A string of ragged urchins was rushing toward the torrent. Over the bridge a man's figure was approaching at a swinging pace. It stopped for a moment on the summit of the rough stone arch, and the notes of a fiddle, in lively measure, rose above the children's shouts and the roar of the waters. Dancing, singing, leaping, catching at his coat-tails, they surrounded the musician and followed him. He advanced like the magic piper of the legend.

Steven stood still in the middle of the way; a gleam was in his eye, the sunset radiance on his smiling face.

The player came up to him and greeted him with a bow, his fiddle still at his chin the while he finished his measure.

"We have met before," said he.

"And I wellnigh despaired of our meeting again," returned the Count with some show of emotion. "Your music has been running in my head—implacably—all these days. I think you must have bewitched me." There was a note almost of reproach in his voice; and yet he blushed as he spoke, as if ashamed of his own affability to a wandering musician.

"Why," said the other cruelly, "I fear you're but a dull lad. Great Apollo—could we change places, I would need no old man's company! Nay, now, children, let a gen-

tleman speak to a gentleman—" He paused in a moment's meditation, looked through the inn gateway, then glanced up swiftly at the distant towering strong-house. "Is it possible your lordship has chosen this barren village for a stage? I see your horses being unharnessed yonder. Will you bid me to supper . . . comrade?"

He looped his threadbare sleeve into Steven's fine broadcloth. The urchins shouted with laughter.

The young Count frowned, started; then, with sudden sweetness, submitted.

Presently he sat (to the respectful astonishment of the host of the "Silver Stork") in the dim inn room, facing his guest. The Fiddler was a strange-looking man nearing the half-century of life, thin and erect of figure, clear-cut of feature; in attire distinctive through all its poverty: knee-breeches of homespun, brass-buckled shoes, coarse linen shirt-collar open at the sinewy throat, and tangled silver gray hair tied up in the queue of twenty years syne; sadly poor to all appearance, though not without some quality of hidden refinement. A man with deep-set, wide eyes, melancholy and dreamy when they were not fiercely mocking. Count Kilmansegg, in fact, and not without a sense of embarrassment, was entertaining the wandering rogue of a musician known to the countryside as Fiddle-Hans.

"Well, sir," the Fiddler said, "I can not congratulate you! The bread is sour. Sour is not the word for the wine. I have good teeth, but truly, this sausage baffles

them. I am unappeased." He struck his lean middle. "I shall have no spirit to play another note to-night. (Keep your curses for better uses, friend; they will not sweeten the cup.) Now," said he, luxuriously stretching out his legs and gazing at them with a musing air, "I could have done with a capon, methinks, and a beaker of ripe old Burgundy. What say you, have you supped? Nay. Neither have I. Come, Sir Count, I invite your seriousness to an entertainment where nothing short of the best cellar and the fairest lady of the countryside will satisfy us."

Then, gazing at Steven's bewildered countenance for a while in silence, he went on with sudden earnestness: "The high-born English lady and the estimable Austrian nobleman, who are jointly responsible, as I understand, for your existence, have spoiled the dish for want of a little spice. Heavens, sir! have you never a smile in you, never a spark for the humorous side of things? Why, youth itself should be the laughter of life. Come with me—you have much to learn."

And leaving the meal further unheeded, he took the young man by the arm and led him to the door. The village was now all in gray shadow, but the strong-house on the height still glowed like a ruby. Pointing to it: "I brought you once," said the vagrant, "into somewhat low company. That was the story of our first meeting. To-night, if you will, I shall bring you into high."

"Lord Gemini!" exclaimed the landlord, who had been hanging open-mouthed, ready for the roar at Fiddle-Hans' humor; "up yonder—where the Burgrave locks up his lady?"

"Even so," said the hungry Fiddler imperturbably. "And you must lend your donkey and little Georgi, and see that the nobleman's valise is safely conveyed upward. For yonder we spend the night."

The idea seemed beyond a joke; and yet, on an imperial gesture of the vagrant, the host of the "Silver Stork" withdrew without further parley to carry out the order.

"Don't make a fool of me," whispered Steven in his singular adviser's ear.

"Why, 'tis the wisdom of youth to be foolish—'tis your privilege to be foolish with grace. O, could you but learn that . . ." interrupted the other impatiently. "Not to-night, dear children, but to-morrow . . . to-morrow you shall dance your feet off. I am a great person to-night; I am supping in the old Burg."

"O!" said the children, who had gathered like sparrows on their Fiddler's re-appearance. "O!" And awe-struck they scattered.

"That Fiddle-Hans . . ." said the landlord, as by and by he watched his guests depart. "He bewitches all, great and small. But this is a strong one. . . . There they go. Maybe they'll never come back!" He had the inherited village terror of the menace of the Burg. "Dungeons up there, and trapdoors, and none ever the wiser. O Lord Gemini!"

"Sidonia," said the lady up in the turret-room, "I will not endure it!" As this remark was made at least five times a day, the hearer was perhaps less impressed than the desperate air of the speaker demanded. "I will throw myself from the window," continued the Burgravine, carefully propping her plump elbows on the stone sill to gaze down with safety.

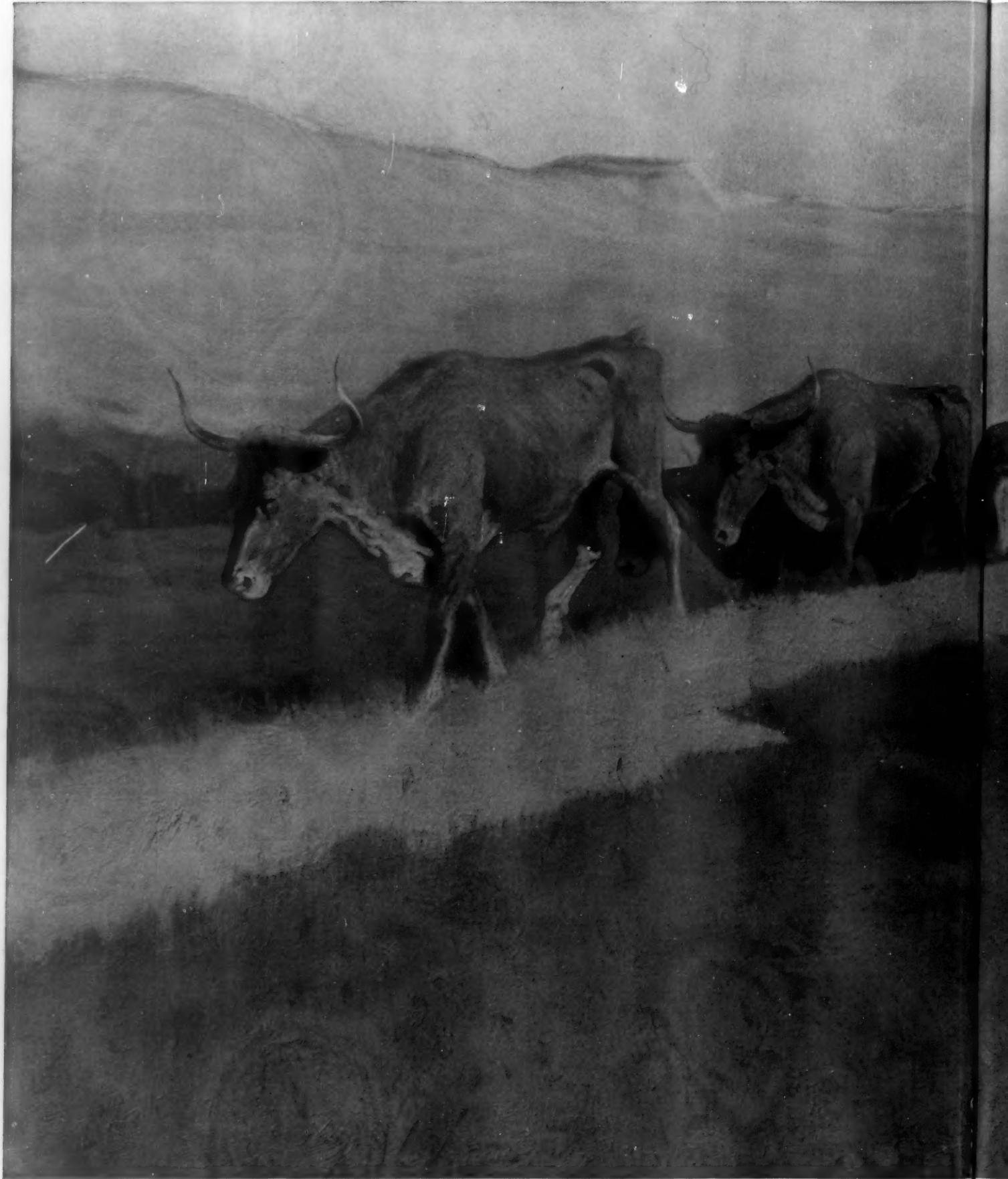
"If you'd only come sometimes and walk with me!" said little Sidonia, smiling.

"Walk, child? Your uncle knew well what he was doing when he stuck me up on this diabolic crag. I have not a pair of shoes that would last me halfway down. And the very looking at the road up to this place! O!"—she covered her eyes with her hand and shuddered—"it makes me reel with giddiness!"

"It was lovely in the forest," said



"Martin," pursued the Fiddler gravely, "your name had better have been Thomas"



TRAILING TEXAS

THIRTY YEARS AGO, VAST HERDS OF "LONGHORN" TEXAS CATTLE WERE DRIVEN
OR TO STOCK THE NORTHERN RANGES. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE HEAD OF A

PAINTED BY FREDERIC



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TEXAS CATTLE

LE WERE DRIVEN UP FROM THE LOWER COUNTRY TO SHIP TO THE EAST AS BEEF
THE HEAD OF A DRIVE COMING ON IN THE FLOOD OF A GORGEOUS WESTERN SUNSET

NTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

PRINT IN BINDING

Sidonia. "The strawberry flowers are coming out, and—"

"Strawberry flowers! Alas! is that what you ought to think of at your age? You, too—'tis monstrous cruelty!"

"The fawns are growing and are so sweet—"

"Fawns! 'Tis a lover should be sweet to you. As for me—O, woe!"

Sidonia, slight, slim, and sun-kissed as a young woodland thing herself, grew crimson behind her aunt's dejected head.

"Why—why, then, does Uncle Ludovic keep us here?" she queried.

Uncle Ludovic's lady flounced round in her chair, her eyes darting flames, a flood of words rising to her cherry lip.

"Why? Because, having spent most of his life in studying our sex, he flatters himself now upon a wide experience of our frailties. Because, having so often proved how easy it is to break the marriage vow, he can put no confidence in another's keeping it. Because," and her bosom heaved with indignation, "Casel is the most amusing spot at this moment in the whole of Europe, and no husband who respects himself can take his pleasure with any comfort if he does not feel that his wife is correspondingly bored."

"But uncle has his Chancellor's duty," said Sidonia, after pondering a while upon these enlightening remarks.

"Chancellor's duties!" The lady drummed on the diamond pines. "O, yes, my love, King Jerome requires onerous duties of his ministers, and I've no doubt that Ludovic performs his *con amore*." Suddenly her fingers ceased their angry tune. She swung back the window a trifle wider and leaned out further than she had ventured upon her threat of suicide. "Look, look!" she cried in altered tones. "Do you see, child? There are two men coming up the road with a pack-horse. No, 'tis a donkey!"

Sidonia leaned eagerly out across her aunt's shoulder. They were but a pair of children of different ages, when all was said and done.

"'Tis the gardener and the shepherd," opined she.

"O, yes, the very outline of humpback John and the swing of bandy Pepper!" (This was sarcastic.) "To the hangman with these evening mists! Now—now, see, a gentleman, or I'm a goose-girl—a young man, or I'm a grandmother!"

"Why, 'tis Fiddle-Hans!" exclaimed the lady's niece in amazement. But it was not, surely, the sight of Fiddle-Hans which brought such crimson to her cheek.

"And who may Fiddle-Hans be?" cried the Burgrave.

"The roadside player," said the girl. "Surely you have heard of him? If he were young and wore a plume or a dagger, people would call him a troubadour. And his music—ah! it moves the heart like—"

"Why, the creature's a beggar, child!" interrupted the lady. "But the other—" She ran away from the window in great fluster. "It's quite clear, my dear, that you and I shall have company at last. O, for once I will be mistress here! Call Elise! Get you into a decent gown, for Heaven's sake! My rose taffeta—it shall be my rose taffeta. And you? Wear anything but white, at your peril!"

"The Lord Burgrave is not in the Castle. The gracious Lady Burgravine never receives visitors." Thus Martin the gatekeeper, thrusting his ugly head out of the *vasistas*.

The last of the sunlight had faded. Gray and sheer rose the Burg walls and turrets above the visitors' heads; sheer and gray fell the mountain-side away at their feet. "Mark now, sir, for here are we back in the Middle Ages," whispered Fiddle-Hans to his companion. Aloud he cried to the porter, who was slowly withdrawing his countenance: "Half a minute, friend, and let us examine your statement. That the Lord Burgrave is away, I am aware; but that your lady does not receive has still to be proved. How if we two come upon the invitation of the Burgrave himself?"

Through the gathering gloom Steven peered at the musician's mocking features. Martin the porter stared in silence for a moment; then, with a great groaning of bars and grinding of keys, set the great door ajar, not to admit them, indeed, but that he might stare the closer.

"Martin," pursued the Fiddler gravely, "your name had better have been Thomas, for you are born an unbeliever."

"My orders are," said Martin, in surly tones, "to admit no one."

"Fellow," said the Fiddler, "a servant's orders, I take it, are not like the Ten Commandments, but subject to variations according to another's pleasure. What if I tell you that, knowing your master—"

"You? Know my master?" The porter's teeth showed like an old dog's in a grin, half scorn, half doubt.

"Aye, we have but recently parted. By the same token, friend, he is now at Halberstadt, and will be here to-morrow. Meanwhile, as it is damp and night falls, admit us to your stone hall and let us sit for you will be wise to gaze at us a while longer before you take upon yourself to drive off the Burgrave's friend and the Burgrave's kinsman from doors to which they have been invited. Look at that gentleman. There is a gentleman for you, from the crown of his noble head to the sole of his high-born foot! And look at me. Ah, you know me! Fiddle-Hans, am I not? Beware, Martin, great people have their disguises—as you and I know."

The shot told, and Martin showed signs of agitation and yielding. Fiddle-Hans, keeping him under the

mockery of his glance, pursued his argumentative advantage:

"Now, cease scratching that gray stubble, and I will tell thee what to do to save thee from a false step. Go thou to the gracious lady and ask her if her lord has not advised her of the probable visit of two travelers, and request of her whether these two gentlemen, having presented themselves, it is not her wish, in obedience to her lord, that they should be admitted. Meanwhile, we shall wait here on this stone bench, and I shall beguile my noble companion's weariness with a little air of music."

The porter withdrew slowly without another word, but not without casting backward glances of doubt upon the newcomers.

"How do you dare?" asked Steven, fixing almost awestruck eyes upon Fiddle-Hans, who, nursing his instrument upon one knee, was coolly winding up the string.

"Dare? I?" He twanged the cord, shook his head, and fell to screwing again. "Why should I not dare? What have I to fear? What have I to lose? We are sure of a welcome, I tell you, of a supper, and a good joke."

"Your magnificent audacity!" said Steven, sitting gingerly down at the end of the bench and looking at the other's lean figure, as if it had been that of the Prince of Lies himself. "Positively, I myself could hardly believe you were not speaking the truth."

"And so I was," said the other composedly. "Not one word but was solemn verity."

"O, but stay! How come I to be kinsman to the Burgravine?"

"You are Austrian," quoth the musician, "so is she, as I happen to know. Both the finest flower of the Empire's aristocracy. If you're not related, somewhere, I'll eat my fiddle."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Steven, opening his eyes very wide. "I suppose it is on the same kind of plea that you have your acquaintance with the Burgrave—an intimate acquaintance?"

"Intimate. I have said so. The Burgrave of Wellenshausen is a type that is true to itself."

"And he has invited us to visit the Burg?" Steven's tones broke into mirth.

"Indubitably." The player raised his fiddle and drew a long note from it that was a musical mockery of the young man's high key. "The husband who looks up a light-hearted wife alone in an inaccessible tower invites in terms most positive every gentleman of heart and spirit in the country to come and console her. M. de Wellenshausen is at Halberstadt—I was playing at the Crown Hotel—he will be here to-morrow. And he said to me: 'Friend—mark you, Friend—you must come and play that tune at my

opened a side door and peeped out smiling. There awoke all about the sleepy castle a sound of skirmishing and tittering; now a patter of bare feet; now the tramp of boots that no precautions could hush. At length the majestic form of the major-domo appeared before the vagrants, magnificent in his silver chains and silk stockings. Fiddle-Hans hushed his music and leaned over to Steven to whisper in his ear:

"See, he has been putting on his grand garb of ceremony to deliver his lady's little lie."

"The high-born one, my mistress, had not expected you before to-morrow," said the butler, with a deep bow to Steven. He cast a fishlike eye of astonishment upon the Fiddler, but nevertheless pursued: "Will your Honor follow me to your apartment?" Again he stared at the musician, who nimbly rose and bowed.

"My Honor will also follow," he said blandly. "Our valise is on the donkey's back, at the door; see to it."

If Fiddle-Hans was surprised at his own success, it was only the humorous twitch of his eyebrows that betrayed the fact. He was of those, apparently, whose talent for seizing opportunities would almost evoke the belief that they have created them.

"Comrades should share and share alike," said he presently, laying down Steven's brush, which he had been wielding dexterously on his own wild locks—"lend me a black ribbon for my queue—it is out of mode, but I am of the old stock. I have been shaved *à la velours* to-day—'twas an inspiration! A cloud of powder would complete me, but you new century bucks know not of these refinements. Let me see . . . I think that black suit of yours so neatly folded in the corner of our valise is perhaps what would best become my gravity. Yes. And a ruffled shirt. . . . Thank you. Ah! . . . And those violet silk stockings."

Steven stood hypnotized.

"Your eyes will positively drop out," said the Fiddler, "if you stare any more." He drew a snuff-box from his discarded coat and tapped it with his finger: "A pinch is but a poor thing if a man has not a ruffle to his wrist," he said, and was not ill-pleased to see how Steven marveled at the grace with which he swung his borrowed laces, the air with which he flipped an invisible atom from his cuff. He took a step as though his legs had never known anything but silk. Steven's suit, if a little large, hung on his figure with a notable fitness.

"By the Lord," cried Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg, with a loud laugh of discovery, "a gentleman, after all!"

Fiddle-Hans drew his black brows together with his swift frown.

"Your equal, you mean, doubtless," said he dryly. "You do me too great honor." Then his eyes softened again, as in his turn he surveyed his companion.

"Come," said he, "I would give all my superior years, after all, for some of your youthful disabilities. I cherish no illusions as to which of us the fair Burgravine will deem the better worth her notice."

And, indeed, when the two were ushered into the long, dim, tapestry-hung saloon, the bright eyes of the lady of the Castle merely swept Fiddle-Hans, amazingly distinguished as he was in his borrowed plumes, to rest with complacency on the youth who followed him.

Steven held his head high, after the fashion of your shy, self-conscious fellow. But his head being one upon which Nature had set a noble stamp, this became it well. If there was pride in the arch of his eyebrow and the curl of his lip, there was likewise race to justify it. Betty, the Burgravine, could note as much between two flickers of her long eyelashes; note, too, that, thank goodness, he wore none of those new, odious Cossack-trousers, but kept to the fashion which made it worth while for a man to have a good line to his leg; note, furthermore, that plum-color frack, maize waistcoat, and dove-gray kerseymeres make excellent harmony with rose taffeta. The lady had been created for courts, and even now—perched like an eaglet in the old mountain Burg—moved in a gay, trifling atmosphere of her own. And Count Steven, who had also been constructed for the high places of life, felt, as he returned her gaze, that he was in his element once more.

"The gentlemen!" announced Niklaus with a nervous giggle. He knew Fiddle-Hans—as who did not that belonged to the countryside? But familiarity had not so far bred contempt, and neither he nor his compeers ever ventured to question anything the mysterious being chose to do. Had the Fiddler desired himself to be announced as Archangel Michael, or Prince Lucifer, the Emperor Napoleon, or the Wandering Jew, Niklaus would scarcely have been surprised.

The rose-red lady advanced a sweet little sandal and made a profound courtesy. Her classic top-knot of curls was richly dark, and so was the velvet of her cheek; but as she looked up slowly from her inclination, Steven was quite startled to find that her eyes opened blue as forget-me-nots.

"Gentlemen!" ejaculated she, translating Niklaus's clumsy Saxon German into tripping French—it being the tone of German courts to speak French. The blue flowers

of her eyes widened in surprise upon Fiddle-Hans. She had not known there were two gentlemen when she looked forth from the window: only the goodly youth and his roadside guide. But this elderly person was a gentleman, no doubt about that, and a fine one, too. Only so old!

And now he took the lead, as became his years. "Madame la Burgravine," responded he; and even Steven, in spite of Anglo-Austrian ear, could note the exquisite purity of his Gallic accent, "permit two travelers to express their gratitude for the generous alacrity with which you have granted them hospitality. We had lost our way—"



Sidonia could look no longer

castle. He's fond of music, you see. 'Twas a promise. And the only person who will lie in the whole matter to-day is the noble Lady Burgravine. She is dying by inches of *ennui*, and she will—be quite certain of it!—she will assure the porter that our visit has indeed been announced to her. 'Tis to be regretted, but such is the way of women who bore themselves in lonely strong-houses."

He caught his fiddle to his breast, and liquid melody flowed out into the empty hall and went echoing away down long passages and up into vaulted roofs. Like curious rabbits from a warren, now a scullion popped a head out of some dark corner, now a rosy wench half

"Lost your way?" interrupted the lady; and an irrepressible smile curved her lips upward.

"Yes, madam," pursued the other imperturbably; "and, with the night coming on in this wild and mountainous district, God knows what might not have happened to us!"

"I know not what your destination may be, sir," answered she, drawing back with a faint air of haughtiness, "but surely yours is a strange itinerary that took an isolated crag on the road."

"Madam," said he, "we gave ourselves infinite pains to attain this height."

The glance toward herself, the touch at his heart, the bow, made of these words a delicate compliment. The line of her mouth began once more to waver. "To have gone down again, madam, would have been impossible. Our itinerary, as you say, is perhaps difficult to explain. If I were to tell you that we took a wrong turning, my friend here would correct me, for he is convinced, madam, it was the right turning, since it brought him to your feet."

Here Steven could do nothing but bow. This he did, however, with such youthful grace and so ardent a look, that his hostess melted outright into smiles.

"Sir," said she to him somewhat cooly; and the young man felt he had been eloquent indeed.

"Count Steven Lee Waldorf-Kilmansegg," introduced Fiddle-Hans with a courtly wave of his arm.

"Lee . . . Waldorf?" quoth she vivaciously.

"Steven Lee in England, Kilmansegg in Austria," said the Fiddler blandly.

"O my beloved Austria!" she exclaimed, and the forget-me-not eyes became suffused with the tear of sensibility.

"Waldorf-Kilmansegg of Waldeck," enumerated the master of ceremonies; while Steven stood in dignity, conscious of his honors.

"Then we are cousins!" She clapped her soft palms; the rising emotion was forgotten in laughter. "Positively we are cousins. I am Schwartzberg—Betty von Schwartzberg—and my mother's cousin, Rezy Lutzof, married Tony Kilmansegg. You are welcome, my cousin," said she, and held out her hand. He kissed it ceremoniously, and she, bending forward, sketched a butterfly salute on his forehead. It was the custom in his father's country; but he had lived long in England, and it had grown unfamiliar. His heart contracted with a delicious spasm, and the blood sang in his ears.

Before he knew what he was doing, he found himself holding the taper fingers close, found his lips upon them again.

Perhaps the lady was displeased; but if so, she cloaked the fact with a very pretty blush, and, as they drew apart, there could be no doubt but that the young visitor's position was established.

She looked expectantly then toward the elder of her guests.

He stood watching them with benevolent gaze, tapping his snuff-box, one leg becomingly advanced; and she waited to hear a no less fine-sounding introduction.

But as the waiting was prolonged to almost a hint of awkwardness:

"Will you not," said she, "Cousin Kilmansegg, return Monsieur's good offices?"

It was Count Steven's turn to blush.

"My friend," said the Fiddler, after enjoying the poor youth's agony with a relentless eye for a second or two, "has been content to accept my companionship as entertaining and useful to himself without inquiring into my ancestry. But such indulgence, my gracious hostess, I can not claim of you. Through all the noble blood that flows in your veins there mingles, of course, still a drop of Mother Eve's. Permit me to make myself known to you as Jean, Seigneur de la Viole, Marquis de Grand-Chemin—to lay but a couple of my poor titles at your feet."

She pondered a while, nibbling her little finger, her delicate eyebrows wrought as if in effort of memory. Then she said with gravity: "Your name, sir, has an ancient sound."

"Madam," he responded, "I would not boast, but there is none more ancient in our world."

Over again she pondered, looking down at the tip of her sandal. The blue eyes took stock afresh, and, thereupon, sunshine chased the gathering cloud from her face. With the air of one making up her mind to be amused without questioning: "You are welcome too," she said, "monsieur—my guest."

"Ah, madam," responded he, "pity that this, the fairest of my titles, must needs be the most fleeting!"

Tying a blue ribbon into a hasty knot as she came, entered Sidonia, almost at a run. All this time she had been striving to turn her heavy fair tresses into the fashionable top-knot—with what result her aunt's first glance of pity told her but too clearly.

She halted in her rapid advance and stood, blushing like a schoolgirl, unable to lift her eyes.

"Child," said the Burgravine, "here is my cousin, Count Kilmansegg, who could not pass by his kinswoman in exile without personally inquiring after her well-being." When Sidonia ventured a stealthy look, it was to find, O bitter moment! that she was unrecognized. Yet they had met before. "And this gentleman—" pursued her aunt with a small, sarcastic smile.

The girl, bewildered, had begun her second courtesy, when she stopped herself with a cry of utter amazement: "The Geigel-Onkel!"

"Madam," intervened the Fiddler gravely, addressing the Burgravine, "that is another of my honors—to young people who love my viol, I am the Geigel-Onkel."

"Here," said the lady with equal gravity, addressing her niece in a meaning tone, "the gentleman will be known as Monsieur de la Viole."

"Marquis de Grand-Chemin," insistently added the vagrant, with his grand bow.

"Marquis de Grand-Chemin," admitted the lady. Nevertheless, it was the arm of her cousin, the mere Count, that she took to conduct her to the dining apartment.

The servants had retired; Master Fiddle-Hans' promised supper-party was over. It had been to the full as

succulent, as elegant, as he had foretold. And now, holding the stem of a long, cut-glass beaker between his second and third finger, he was gazing abstractedly at the noble wine. Where were his thoughts, and why was he so dull all at once, with flower and silver before him, crystal and fine porcelain? With the ruby waiting in his cup—the ruby of that noble "Clos Vougeot" before which Bonaparte, the republican, on his way to Italy, had made his soldiers halt and present arms as to the prince of vintages! Fiddle-Hans, who could sing over a hard crust by the dusty roadside, and give thanks for the water of the mountain stream! Had he had his violin to his hand now, its music would have been of tears.

His eye moved. It rested first on the fresh, briar-rose face of the young girl, with a strange look of tenderness; then it fell upon the Burgravine. Her plump, olive shoulders, half out of her rosy gown, her



"You disgraced me to-night," said Fiddle-Hans

exquisite little doll-face thrust forward—the whole of her an altar to admiration—she was offering herself in eagerness, in ecstasy, to the fire that was beginning to kindle in the hitherto decorous countenance of the youth opposite to her. And, as the musician noted, he frowned and his lips curled into contempt. Then his gaze sought Steven. He saw the flush upon the boy's cheek and the light in his eye; and his frown grew deeper. This base flame was none of his kindling.

He turned in his chair and looked again keenly at the silent girl. There was something austere in the mantle of pride and shyness in which she had wrapped herself.

"Little Miss Sidonia!" said he softly. She flashed a quick glance at him, and her eyes filled. "Shall I make you some music?" His face relaxed into tenderness again as he spoke.

She nodded. The corners of her mouth quivered; if she had said a word, she must have burst into sobs.

"She but put a pillow under his head," thought the Fiddler, "and that was enough to make the flower of love blossom! Ah, youth! Poor little heart!" Once more he regarded the other pair, who were now whispering.

"After the feast, the dance; what say you?" he cried.

"O, the dance, the dance!" exclaimed the Burgravine, leaping to her feet. What a woman, what a puppet, to have a man's honor in her keeping!

"Then I will play to you," went on Fiddle-Hans. And, grinning, Nikolaus was despatched for his violin.

"It shall be a minuet," said the player after a pause, on the echo of a sigh.

Then the Marquis de Grand-Chemin waved his bow with a flourish. The ruffles at his wrists flew, he took a step with a grace; it was as if a fragrance from dead Trianon roses were wafted in between the barbarous Gothic tapestries of the Burg.

"It is the dance of great ladies and fine gentlemen," he said, beginning a melody of older days, mingled of archness and subtle melancholy. And playing, he went on, his words winding themselves, with a kind of lilt of their own, into the garland of sounds. "You, sir, bow with your hand on your heart. You take her hand and you look into her eyes. 'Ah!' say you, eloquent though silent, 'to hold those delicate finger-tips, madam, through life . . . to have the rapture of your sweet company . . . then indeed would every step be music!'"

"O, sir" (says she in the same language), "you confound me!" And with this she sinks from you into a courtesy that is all dignity, all grace. Again you bow—of a verity you did not deserve her! But what is this? Her hand is in yours again. O, this time you draw closer to her . . . you hold her little hand aloft! The satin of her gown whispers to your damask—her shoulder touches yours . . . you wheel her from right to left—with what pride, Heavens! what respect! You turn her lovely form, by the merest hint of your adoring fingers, from that side to this, that all may see, and see again, the prize that has fallen to your lot. . . .

"We do not dance the minuet in our days," interrupted Steven with bashful resentment.

John of the Viol's delicate measures, that had rung half humorous, half pathetic, wholly sweet, as memories of past delights must ever be, ceased abruptly. He gave the young man a dark look as he held his bow aloft.

"No," said he, "you are right. The minuet has gone

to the guillotine. France has brought new dances into fashion: *Ça ira, Ça ira, Dansons la carmagnole!*" His face grew terrible as he struck the notes of the bloodstained gutter-song into his strings. "New dances for France, that she may dance to her death!"

"Fie, the ugly tune!" said Countess Betty. No shadow of the musician's tragic passion was reflected upon her face. "Monsieur le Marquis, play us a waltz!"

She caught joyfully at her own suggestion, as a child its cowslip ball. "A waltz, a waltz! Beau Cousin of Kilmansegg, they tell me 'tis the rage. A pin for your old minuets!"

"A waltz be it!" said Fiddle-Hans. Anger was upon him, and he made his violin chant it, setting it and the brutal irony of the "*Ça ira*" to the rhythm of a fantastic waltz. "Twirl, rapid heart and empty head! Hold her, prance round with her, feel your goat's legs growing, you who might have lifted your head with the gods and known the matchless rapture of the heights! Is it for this that you are young?"

Faster and faster went the music, fevered, with mad, shrill skirl, and faster the dancing. Beau Cousin began to pant. He held Belle Cousine so close to him that she, too, scarce could breathe. Loose flew her hair—one little sleeve almost broke across the heaving shoulder. Sidonia could look no longer; she turned to the window and leaned her hot cheek against the pane, staring at the stars with burning eyes. Something clutched at her heart and throat with a fierce grip.

Without warning, Fiddle-Hans brought his bow across his strings with a tearing sound and, as if a sharp sword had fallen between them, the dancers fell apart, astonished and not a little confused.

Steven staggered and caught at the chair behind him. The Burgrave's lady put a hand to her disheveled tresses and then to the laces at her bosom, and grew scarlet: brow and cheek, throat and shoulder.

"You no longer dance the minuet?" said Fiddle-Hans, with a little laugh, picking at his now placid strings; and Steven thought that the man had the laugh of a devil and that it was echoed by his instrument.

"O, you have a thousand reasons, sir, and so has madam, for the waltz is a fuller measure. Gracious lady, you are out of breath. May I sit beside you a while? And you, sir, will you not expound the first principles of this—this graceful and elegant pastime to Mademoiselle yonder, whose youth has yet to learn the new fashion? Is it not right, Burgravine, that these young things, after all, should draw together, while you and I look on—you, the staid, married woman; I, the old man?"

She answered him not, save by a look of wondering offence.

"Ah, madam," he went on, as he sat down beside her, "and you are angry with your lord and master, because he shuts you up in this strong-house? But, good Heaven, 'tis the proof of his loving appreciation of your value!"

"O, aye!" she answered in high contempt, "'tis a sign of vast affection, doubtless."

"Madam, he lays his treasure where thieves can not attain it. At least, poor man, so he fondly trusts!"

"And therefore the unhappy treasure is to be consumed by moth and rust," retorted the lady.

"Madam," said the Fiddler in a low voice, "I understand that the owner of the treasure had reason to fear a more indelible stain—"

"How dare you?" she flashed upon him. But he was picking his violin with a pensive air. Then he suddenly looked up at her and smiled.

"Ah! most gracious one, if I were the happy possessor of a bird of such brilliant plumage as yourself, I would—" he paused.

"You would what? Pray proceed." She was waiting for her triumph.

"I would open wide all the doors and bid it fly."

And then she called to him again: "How dare you?" And so insulted was she that there came a sob into her throat.

"You see," said he, drawing an accompaniment of whispering notes to his words, "that, after all, it is monsieur your husband's point of view that you think the more complimentary."

"He should trust me," she whimpered.

"Madam, who knows?" he responded, "stranger things have come to pass. Some day, perhaps, the bird will not crave for flight—it may cling to the nest—" His fingers moved delicately, the bow swung with the gentle pliancy of some green bow of spring—it was a measure of engaging rhythm and playfulness; yet soft, soft as, under the eaves, the swallow's note at dawn.

Fascinated, she cried, under her breath: "What is it?"

He answered her, "A cradle song . . ." and stopped. His own face had altered indescribably. His restless eye had grown fixed and wistful. Little Madame de Wellershausen hung her head and the gathering tears fell.

While Fiddle-Hans thus engaged his hostess, Steven Lee, with slow steps, had gone across the room to the girlish figure by the window. He had grown to believe that this Fiddle-Hans had some uncanny power by which he enforced his will, after the fashion of that Mesmer of whom one had heard so much.

Sidonia turned upon him, with a sudden jerk of her chin, a flash of her eye, as he halted beside her. Upon which he exclaimed in amazement: "Why, great Heavens, you are the girl of the forest-house!"

"You have not, I think, sir," she answered him, "eyes that see quick or far—'tis, no doubt, your town-breeding." The color was slowly fading from her cheeks. She held herself very stiff and proud. But he was still all eager over his discovery.

"You brought me your pillow," said he, "when I lay hurt in the forest."

"I would have done the same to a sick dog," said she.

"You cried over me, when you thought I was dead," exclaimed Steven, stung by her contempt.

"Had I known you better, sir—"

Her eyes were bright and hard, her lip was a curve of scorn, and her chin a tilted defiance. But all at once he saw that, under the close-clinging fabric of her short-waisted gown, her heart was beating like a madly frightened bird in the fowler's net. The knot of blue

ribands upon her bosom danced with its fluttering. And there came upon him a desire, at once tender and cruel, to feel that beating heart beneath his hand. He gave a short laugh: "Shall I teach you the waltz?" he said, leaning forward. "It is quite easy—just my arm about you, and the music does the rest."

She shrank back with a look that would have blasted him if it could.

"Do not dare to touch me!" Though her heart palpitated into her very voice, she held her head high as the hind in the forest, and went on: "I might have danced that minuet, as Fiddle-Hans put it into music. But I don't like your manner of dancing, sir, nor your English manners at all. It would be best if people stayed in their own country."

And then, while he stood, as if her childish hand had struck him, she passed from him and paused for a moment before her aunt and the Fiddler, who were now sitting together in a strange silence. And with the brief remark, "I am going to sleep," she went proudly from the room.

Fiddle-Hans had shaken off his musing fit. He laughed out loud.

"What, comrade, won't Mademoiselle learn the waltz from you, after so pretty a display?"

Madame looked down at her feet, as they peeped side by side from the hem of her garment, looking, the little humbly, the pink of innocent propriety. She was subdued, even frightened, and her heart was stirred within her.

"Our evening is finished," said the Marquis de Grand-Chemin, rising with his great air. "Madame, this gentleman and I must march out with the dawn. Permit us now to offer you our respectful gratitude, and retire."

She held out her hand, and he took the tips of her fingers and bowed low. She courtesied. They might have been in his minuet, but it was with the music left out.

"Good-by, my cousin," she said timidly. And "Good-by," said he. They stood stiffly before each other, like two children found at fault. She was longing to tell him that it must not be "Good-by" between her and him. But the Fiddler's eye was upon her.

Steven felt the world very flat, even on a mountain strong-house, as he sat down in the state bedroom and began with a yawn to unwind the folds of his stock. Next door the Fiddler had locked himself in. He had not spoken to his companion since they had entered their apartment. Steven Lee, Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg, felt that he was in disgrace.

Suddenly Fiddle-Hans flung back the separating door and walked in. He was once more clad in his own shabby suit, and across his arms carried the borrowed garments.

One by one he laid them down neatly in his companion's valise, rolling up the violet silk stockings at the last.

"Continue," said he, "my friend, to develop the growth of those goat legs of yours. It will save you in hosiery."

"Upon my soul," cried the young man, "I don't understand what you mean!" But his cheek crimsoned.

"You disgraced me to-night," said Fiddle-Hans.

"What, sir! I have the kindness to bring you up here that you may snatch a delicate, courtlike comedy from a lost century, and you turn it into a gross latter-day romp. I bring you from an alehouse into a castle, but you must needs drag your Teniers with you and spoil my Watteau! I play you a minuet, but what appeals to you is to clutch, and gambade, and—"

"You made the music, man," interrupted Steven, sulky as a schoolboy. "And it was she who asked for a waltz!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" went on the Fiddler passionately; "it may be that we were no better as to morals, in my youth, than you are nowadays, but at least we took our pleasures like gentlemen. If we plucked a rose, we did it with a grace, between two fingers, not with the fist. We did not seize a lady round the body and prance her like a milkmaid; what favors we took, we bent the knee to receive. O, sir, how little fragrance remains in the flower you mangle thus in your grasp! Three things there are, young man, that he who understands life must touch with fingers of gossamer: a subtle pleasantry, a lady's discretion, the illusions of a young heart. You have laid brute hands on all three to-night. Fie! you have spoiled my evening."

The contrast between the man in his humble clothes and the arrogant culture of his speech suddenly struck Steven to such a degree that he forgot to be angry at being rated, in his eagerness to catch further self-betrayal from the fantastic enigma. Become aware of the other's eye and expectant smile, the Fiddler broke off abruptly, and for the first time in their acquaintance, looked disconcerted. Then he gave a good-humored laugh, and his brow cleared.

"Blind, blind!" he said. "Why, was she not worthy of one look, the child in her virginal grace? When I came across you again, to-day, under the shadow of the Burg, my heart leaped like a little hare. I told myself I knew whom you were seeking. Youth finds out the

way to youth," said I in my fond mind. I believed you had traced her—the Romance that Fortune brought across your path in the forest. It was but cloud-building, but a spring fancy in an old man's dreams—the lad in whom I had taken a passing interest, the little maid I have grown to love. Why, you did not even recognize her! Yet she held your head on her knees when you were hurt! You were a knight to her, all gallant; and now—"

"She is an ill-mannered child," said Steven.

"She is as lovely as the woods at dawn—young, reluctant, mysterious, chill. When I approach her, it is with my hat in my hand. If I were young like you, I should kneel to her. The set of her head, the line of her little throat—" His voice grew suddenly husky. "Her little throat—" he repeated. And Steven, he knew not why, had an impression of a sadness so piercing that he dropped his eyes and dared not look at Fiddle-Hans again.

After a while, with a change of voice—

"I will wake you at sunrise," said the musician. "I have promised the children to play for them before school; and I must see you safely to the foot of the hill ere we part, Count Comrade, having brought you up so high, or Heaven knows what fall might not be in store for you!"

And very unwilling was Steven Lee to rise after a poor night; and very ill-humored was he as they set out at last, with their donkey, breakfastless, together. There was no joy or mystery in the morn; it gave them but white mists that wet like rain and clung close as they descended.

The Fiddler was silent, absorbed in his own thought, and paid small heed to the youth's moodiness.

As they crossed the bridge, a traveling-chaise came through the haze toward them, passed them at full thunder and drew up with a clatter some hundred yards beyond. Fiddle-Hans smiled sardonically.

"There goes Bluebeard, the Burgrave, to surprise his fond little wife. He is a trifle earlier on the road than I thought. Did I not do well to hurry your toilet? Who knows, you might have been hurried in still more disagreeable fashion. Well, the episode is over; and though you have much disappointed me, young sir—"

"But what will she tell him about our visit?" interrupted Steven with some anxiety.

Fiddle-Hans remained silent for a few paces.

"That," he said at last, "is a matter for illimitable fancy. . . ."

BILLY'S ATONEMENT : By Harrison Rhodes

FOR the twenty-sixth time that afternoon Tommy Harrigan, with a whoop and a cry, drove his goat-carriage down the length of Somers Street. For the twenty-sixth time a discussion followed as to which boy was to ride with Tommy next. That would be the twenty-seventh weary trip, and there would be a twenty-eighth and a twenty-ninth and—but what did they think it mattered to the goat? Angriously Billy shook himself and started forward. Tommy promptly whacked him across the back. "Stop!" he cried. "What do you want to go on for?"

How should he know? thought Billy bitterly. Down the street to the right, flashing in the sunlight, lay in scarlet and silver glory an empty tomato can. Each time as he had passed the goat had swerved irresistibly toward it. Each time the whacking stick across his ribs had recalled him. Whackings always! They were Tommy's invariable comment upon any attempt of his goat's to vary the prescribed menu. The whackings Billy could stand, but not the injustice.

Oh, if we men could but look into the heart of goats! Billy's ribs were still sore as the result of an attempt to lunch upon a delicate chemise which had

tossed in the breeze two Mondays gone in the Harrigan backyard. Yet it was only the fierce passion natural to his race that had driven him to seize it. If an occasional can, an old shoe or two, or even a tidbit of old iron had been given him, he would not have attacked the clothesline. But others judged for him. Because these things were caviare to the general, was his natural appetite to be thwarted? The fire of his rage blazed up afresh within the animal, as the gleam of scarlet and silver again caught his eye. If not that, then something else—he swore to himself—and soon! If gluttony were a vice, he would glory in it. Every one seemed to think a goat an obstinate, stupid, brutalized creature; why not be one and secure what pleasure life could offer that way? If there were any one who believed in him—thought Billy; and then a softer light came into his eye. Was he not forgetting the little Gwendoline, Tommy's baby sister?

Perhaps the child was too young to realize that he was a goat, Billy's cynical thought had sometimes been. But at any rate, she treated him like a dog (the ideal condition for any domestic animal, of course). She patted him, she called him "good boy," and once she had given him to eat a lovely cut-steel buckle, which had been her birthday present from her rich Aunt Julia. But it would be unfair to Billy to say that for selfish reasons did he adore her. The world does not comprehend the goat nature, which made a fierce flame of unselfish loyalty blaze up in Billy's heart at the touch of the little Gwendoline's tiny hand. If this simple tale serves to lighten the burden of any goat, to make any one draw the line less rigidly between his treatment of dumb and of speaking animals, to convince any reader who may be moved to tears by it in essentials what a

goat he himself is, it will not have been written in vain. But to return, one might almost, though not quite, say *à nos moutons*. Just as Billy had decided to welcome the weary twenty-seventh trip for the sake of a determined dash at the scarlet and silver glory by the roadside, he heard Tommy Harrigan announce that if he were allowed to pitch he would not be averse to suspending operations with the goat-carriage for the sake of a baseball game. Billy's head was jerked toward home, and with renewed whackings Tommy drove his unhappy slave into the little inclosed paddock, and, unhitching him, left him, the hated bundle of hay being his only provender. Within the narrow confines of his prison the enraged goat wandered, angrily setting his teeth from time to time against its iron bars. But nothing could he find to eat except, at last, the little strap that was sometimes fastened across the seat of the carriage. It was a coarse-grained, badly tanned bit of leather, no succulent morsel, but Billy devoured it eagerly. He felt a little calmer then.

The sunset light was flooding the Harrigan backyard an hour later, when across the lawn and toward the

goat paddock came the little Gwendoline. Billy's heart swelled with generous emotion at her approach and at the kind words she addressed to him. For her sake he was docile when the hated Tommy rehit him to the carriage. For on the weary twenty-seventh trip he was to draw the one creature who cared for him. Tommy raised her to her seat. Then suddenly he discovered that the strap was missing, the strap which buckled across and held the child in her seat. Billy slyly chuckled, even when Tommy gave him a whack or two. At last he had annoyed the taskmaster.

"Stay still, Gwenny," cried Tommy, darting off to the house; "I'll fetch some string and fix you safely." Scarcely was her brother out of sight when "Gidap," the little Gwendoline cried. "Gwenny dwive herself," she chuckled, as she pulled at the reins.

Billy smartly pulled the cart down the drive and out into the street. He would give the baby and himself a happy hour, far from Tommy and his whip. Gayly they started down Somers Street, and then they heard the voice of Tommy, in pursuit. Billy flew, the little Gwendoline encouraging him with gurgles of delight. The goat's blood was stirred by the excitement of the race; then like a flash came a sudden jolt and an ominous lightening of the load. Billy stopped and turned his head. Tommy was still far behind, and there in the middle of the street lay the little Gwendoline, softly crying, while dust and blood mixed to spoil the rose-pink of her cheek. How had it happened, asked Billy wildly of himself, that she had fallen? Jolts and paving blocks were not uncommon in Somers Street. Suddenly he remembered—the strap! It was his fault. To satisfy his appetite he had eaten away the safeguard of the only being he cared for or who cared for him.

Who could have guessed that beneath that hairy coat a heart was breaking?

The animal stood stockstill, almost petrified in his grief. Then ahead of him he heard the clatter of hoofs and behind him the terrified cry of Tommy. Straight down Somers Street was coming a horse, dragging an empty phaeton. Crashing along the engine of destruction came, yet Billy seemed not to realize what it meant. Then he came to his senses. In the brief moment that was left he half turned his head and saw the flutter of the little Gwendoline's gingham frock; then straight at the oncoming horse he dashed, and, about fifteen feet from the child, the horse, the phaeton, the goat, and his little carriage came down in one dreadful heap.

The next day by the paddock they buried him. The little Gwendoline was still in bed. In a week she was well and she asked for Billy. There was a moment when she was in danger of crying, but Tommy showed her his new puppy just then. That was a year ago. The low green mound beside the paddock is now forgotten, yet who shall say it is not a hero's grave?



Billy dashed straight at the oncoming horse



Brother Rabbit's Cradle

AN UNCLE REMUS STORY

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck

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"I WISH you'd tell me what you tote a hankcher fer," remarked Uncle Remus, after he had reflected over the matter a little while.

"Why, to keep my mouth clean," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus looked at the lad, and shook his head doubtfully. "Uh-uh!" he exclaimed. "You can't fool folks when dey git ez ol' ez what I is. I been watchin' you now mo' days dan I kin count, an' I ain't never see yo' mouf dirty nuff fer ter be wiped wid a hankcher. It's allers clean—too clean fer ter suit me. Dar's yo' pa, now; when he wuz a little chap like you, his mouf useter git dirty in de mornin' an' stay dirty plum twel night. Dey wa'n't sca'cely a day dat he didn't look like he been playin' wid de pigs in de stable lot. Ef he yever is tote a hankcher, he ain't never show it ter me."

"He carries one now," remarked the little boy with something like a triumphant look on his face.

"Tooby sho'," said Uncle Remus; "tooby sho' he do. He start ter totin' one when he tuck an' tuck a notion fer ter go a-courtin'. It had his name in one corner, an' he useter sprinkle it wid stuff out'n a pepper-sauce bottle. It sho' wuz rank, dat stuff wuz; it smell so sweet it make you fergit whar you live at. I take notice dat you ain't got none on yone."

"No; mother says dat cologne or any kind of perfumery on your handkerchief makes you common."

Uncle Remus leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and permitted a heartrending groan to issue from his lips. The little boy showed enough anxiety to ask him what the matter was. "Nothin' much, honey; I wuz des tryin' fer ter count how many diffunt kinder people dey is in dis big worl', an' 'fo' I got mo' dan half done wid my countin', a pain struck me in my mizry, an' I had ter break off."

"I know what you mean," said the child. "You think mother is queer; grandmother thinks so too."

"How come you to be so wise, honey?" Uncle Remus inquired, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"I know by the way you talk, and by the way grandmother looks sometimes," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus said nothing for some time. When he did speak, it was to lead the little boy to believe that he had been all the time engaged in thinking about something else. "Talkin' er dirty folks," he said, "you oughter seed yo' pa when he wuz a little bit er chap. Dey wuz long days when you couldn't tell ef he wuz black er white, he wuz dat dirty. He'd come out'n de big house in de mornin' ez clean ez a new pin, an' 'fo' ten er-clock you couldn't tell what kinder cloy his cloze wuz made out'n. Many's de day when I've seed ol' Miss—dat's yo' great-gran mammy—comb nuff trash out'n his head fer ter fill a basket."

The little boy laughed at the picture that Uncle Remus drew of his father. "He's very clean, now," said the lad loyally.

"Maybe he is an' maybe he ain't," remarked Uncle Remus, suggesting a doubt. "Dat's needer here ner dar. Is he any better off clean dan what he wuz when you couldn't put yo' han's on 'im widout havin' ter go an' wash um? Yo' gran'mammy useter call 'im a pig, an' clean ez he may be now, I take notice dat he makes mo' complaint er headache an' de heartburn dan what he done when he wuz runnin' roun' here half-naked an' full er mud. I hear tell dat some nights he can't git no sleep, but when he wuz little like you—no, suh, I'll not say dat, bekaze he wuz bigger dan what you is fum de time he kin toddle roun' widout nobody he'pin' him; but when he wuz ol' ez you an' twice ez big, dey ain't narry night dat he can't sleep—an' not only all night, but half de day ef dey'd 'a' let 'im. Ef dey'd let you run roun' here like he done, an' git dirty, you'd git big an' strong 'fo' you know it. Dey ain't nothin' mo' wholesomer dan a peck er two er clean dirt on a little chap like you."

There is no telling what comment the child would have made on this sincere tribute to clean dirt, for his attention was suddenly attracted to something that was gradually taking shape in the hands of Uncle Remus. At first it seemed to be hardly worthy of notice, for it had been only a thin piece of board. But now the one piece had become four pieces, two long and two short, and under the deft manipulations of Uncle Remus it soon assumed a boxlike shape.

The old man had reached the point in his work where silence was necessary to enable him to do it full justice. As he fitted the thin boards together, a whistling sound issued from his lips, as though he were letting off steam; but the singular noise was due to the fact that he was completely absorbed in his work. He continued to fit and trim, and trim and fit, until finally the little boy could no longer restrain his curiosity. "Uncle Remus, what are you making?" he asked plaintively.

"Larroes fer ter kech meddlers," was the prompt and blunt reply.

"Well, what are larroes to catch meddlers?" the child insisted.

"Nothin' much an' sump'n mo'. Dicky, Dicky, killt a chicky, an' fried it quicky, in de oven, like a sloven. Den ter his daddy's Sunday hat, he tuck 'n' hitched de ol' black cat. Now what you reckon make him do dat? Ef you can't tell me word fer word an' spellin' fer spellin' we'll go out an' come in an' take a walk."

He rose, grunting as he did so, thus paying an unintentional

tribute to the efficacy of age as the partner of rheumatic aches and stiff joints. "You hear me gruntin'," he remarked—"well, dat's bekaze I ain't de chicky fried by Dicky, which he e't nuff fer ter make 'im sicky." As he went out the child took his hand, and went trotting along by his side, thus affording an interesting study for those who concern themselves with the extremes of life. Hand in hand the two went out into the fields, and thence into the great woods, where Uncle Remus, after searching about for some time, carefully deposited his oblong box, remarking: "Ef I don't make no mistakes, dis ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar de creeturs has der playgroun', an' dey ain't no tellin' but what one un um'll creep in dar when deyer playin' hidin', an' ef he do, he'll sho be our meat."

"Oh, it's a trap!" exclaimed the little boy, his face lighting up with enthusiasm.

"An' dey wa'n't nobody here fer ter tell you," Uncle Remus declared, astonishment in his tone. "Well, ef dat don't bang my time, I ain't no free nigger. Now, ef dat had 'a' been yo' pa at de same age, I'd 'a' had ter tell 'im forty-lev'm times, an' den he wouldn't 'a' b'lieved me twel he see sump'n in dar tryin' fer ter git out. Den he'd say it wuz a trap, but not befo'. I ain't blamin' 'im." Uncle Remus went on, "kaze 'tain't eve'y chap dat kin tell a trap time he see it, an' mo' dan dat, traps don't allers sketch what dey er sot fer."

He paused, looked all around, and up in the sky, where fleecy clouds were floating lazily along, and in the tops of the trees, where the foliage was swaying gently in the breeze. Then he looked at the little boy. "Ef I ain't gone an' got los'," he said, "we ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar Mr. Man, once 'pon a time—not yo' time ner yit my time, but some time—



"He jump like some un done shot a gun right at 'im"

tuck'n' sot a trap fer Brer Rabbit. In dem days, dey hadn't l'arnt how ter be kyarpenters, an' dish yer trap what I'm tellin' you 'bout wuz a great big contraption. Big ez Brer Rabbit wuz, it wuz lots too big fer him.

"Now, whiles Mr. Man wuz fixin' up dis trap, Mr. Rabbit wa'n't so mighty fur off. He hear de saw—er-rash! er-rash!—an' he hear de hammer—bang, bang, bang!—an' he ax hissef what all dis racket wuz 'bout. He see Mr. Man come out'n his yard totin' sump'n, an' he got furdur off; he see Mr. Man comin' todes de bushes, an' he tuck ter de woods; he see 'im comin' todes de woods, an' he tuck ter de bushes. Mr. Man tote de trap so fur an' no furdur. He put it down, he did, an' Brer Rabbit watch 'im; he put in de bait, an' Brer Rabbit watch 'im. Mr. Man look at de trap an' it satchify him. He look at it an' laugh, an' when he do dat, Brer Rabbit wunk one eye, an' wiggle his mustache, an' chaw his cud.

"An' dat ain't all he do, needer. He sot out in de bushes, he did, an' study how ter git some game in de trap. He study so hard, an' he got so erryated, dat he thumped his behime foot on de groun' twel it soun' like a cow dancin' out dar in de bushes, but 'twan't no cow, ner yit no calf!—'twuz des Brer Rabbit studyin'. Atter so long a time, he put out down de road todes dat part er de country whar mos' er de creeturs live at. Eve'y time he hear a fuss, he'd dodge in de bushes, kaze he wanten see who comin'. He keep on an' he keep on, an' bimeby he hear ol' Brer Wolf trottin' down de road.

"It so happen dat Brer Wolf wuz de ve'y one what Brer Rabbit wanten see. Dey wuz perlit ter one an'er, but dey wan't no frien'ly feelin' 'twix um. Well, here

come ol' Brer Wolf, hongrier dan a chicken-hawk on a frosty mornin', an' ez he come up he see Brer Rabbit set by de side er de road lookin' like he done lose all his fambly an' his friends terboot.

"Dey pass de time er day, an' den Brer Wolf kinder grin an' say, 'Laws-a-massy, Brer Rabbit! what ail you? You look like you done had a spell er fever an' ague; what de trouble?' 'Trouble, Brer Wolf? You ain't never see no trouble twel you git whar I'm at. Maybe you wouldn't min' it like I does, kaze I ain't usen ter it. But I boun' you done seed me light-minded fer de las' time. I'm done—I'm plum wo' out,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. Dis make Brer Wolf open his eyes wide. He say, 'Dis de fus' time I ever is hear you talk dat-a-way, Brer Rabbit; take yo' time an' tell me 'bout it. I ain't had my brekkus yit, but dat don't make no diffunce, long ez youer in trouble. I'll he'p you out ef I kin, an' mo' dan dat, I'll put some heart in de work.' When he say dis, he grin an' show his tushes, an' Brer Rabbit kinder edge 'way fum 'im. He say, 'Tell me de trouble, Brer Rabbit, an' I'll do my level bes' fer ter he'p you out.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit 'low dat Mr. Man done been had 'im hired fer ter take keer er his truck patch, an' keep out de minks, de mush-rats an' de weasels. He say dat he done so well settin' up night after night, when he des might ez well been in bed, dat Mr. Man prommus 'im sump'n extry 'sides de mess er greens what he gun 'im eve'y day. Atter so long a time, he say, Mr. Man 'low dat he gwinter make 'im a present uv a cradle so he kin rock de little Rabs ter sleep when dey cry. So said, so done, he say. Mr. Man make de cradle an' tell Brer Rabbit he kin take it home wid 'im."

"He start out wid it, he say, but it got so heavy he hatter set it down in de woods, an' dat's de reason why Brer Wolf seed 'im settin' down by de side er de road, lookin' like he in deep trouble. Brer Wolf sot down, he did, an' study, an' bimeby he say he'd like mighty well fer ter have a cradle fer his chillun, long ez cradles wuz de style. Brer Rabbit say dey been de style fer de longest, an' ez fer Brer Wolf wantin' one, he say he kin have de one what Mr. Man make fer him, kaze it's lots too big fer his chillun. 'You know how folks is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Dey try ter Jo what dey dunner how ter do, an' dar's der house bigger dan a barn, an' dar's de fence wid mo' holes in it dan what dey is in a saine, an' kaze dey have great big chillun dey got de idee dat eve'y cradle what dey make mus' fit der own chillun. An' dat's how come I can't tote de cradle what Mr. Man make fer me mo' dan ten steps at a time.'

"Brer Wolf ax Brer Rabbit what he gwinter do fer a cradle, an' Brer Rabbit 'low he kin manage fer ter git long wid de ol' one twel he kin 'suade Mr. Man ter make 'im an'er one, an' he don't speck dat'll be so mighty hard ter do. Brer Wolf can't he'p but b'lieve dey's some trick in it, an' he say he ain't see de ol' cradle when las' he wuz at Brer Rabbit house. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit bust out laughin'. He say, 'Dat's been so long back, Brer Wolf, dat I done fergit all 'bout it; 'sides dat, ef dey wuz a cradle dar, I boun' you my ol' 'oman got better sense dan ter set de cradle in de parlor, whar comp'ny comes; an' he laugh so loud an' long dat he make Brer Wolf right shame er himsef."

"He 'low, ol' Brer Wolf did, 'Come on, Brer Rabbit, an' show me whar de cradle is. Ef it's too big fer yo' chillun, it'll des 'bout fit mine.' An' so off dey put ter whar Mr. Man done sot his trap. 'Twa'n't so mighty long 'fo' dey got whar dey wuz gwine, an' Brer Rabbit say, 'Brer Wolf, dar yo' cradle, an' may it do you mo' good dan it's yever done me! Brer Wolf walk all roun' de trap an' look at it like 'twuz live. Brer Rabbit thump one er his behime foots on de groun' an' Brer Wolf jump like some un done shot a gun right at 'im. Dis make Brer Rabbit laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'. Brer Wolf, he say he kinder nervous 'bout dat time er de year, an' de leas' little bit er noise 'll make 'im jump. He ax how he gwinter git any purchis on de cradle, an' Brer Rabbit say he'll hatter git inside an' walk wid it on his back, kaze dat de way he done done."

"Brer Wolf ax what all dem contraptions on de inside is, an' Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat dey er de rockers, an' dey ain't no needs fer ter be skeer'd un um, kaze dey ain't nothin' but plain wood. Brer Wolf say he ain't 'zackly skeer'd, but he done got ter de p'int whar he know dat you better look 'fo' you jump. Brer Rabbit 'low dat ef dey's any jumpin' fer ter be done, he de one ter do it, an' he talk like he done fergit what dey come fer. Brer Wolf, he fool an' fumble roun', but bimeby he walk in de cradle, sprung de trigger, an' dar he wuz! Brer Rabbit, he holler out, 'Come on, Brer Wolf; des hump yo'se'f, an' I'll be wid you.' But try ez he will an' grunt ez he may, Brer Wolf can't budge dat trap. Bimeby Brer Rabbit git tired er waitin', an' he say dat ef Brer Wolf ain't gwinter come on he's gwine home. He 'low dat a frien' what say he gwinter he'p you, an' den go in a cradle an' drap off ter sleep, dat's all he wanten know 'bout um; an' wid dat he made fer de bushes, an' he wa'n't a minnit too soon, kaze here come Mr. Man fer ter see ef his trap had been sprung. He look, he did, an' sho' nuff, it 'uz sprung, an' dey wuz sump'n in dar, too, kaze he kin hear it rustlin' roun' an' kickin' fer ter git out.

"Mr. Man look thoo de crack, an' he see Brer Wolf, which he wuz so skeer'd twel his eye look right green.

Mr. Man say, 'Aha! I got you, is I?' Brer Wolf say, 'Who?' Mr. Man laugh twel he can't sca'cely talk, an' still Brer Wolf say, 'Who? Who you think you got?' Mr. Man 'low, 'I don't think, I knows. Youer ol' Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'Turn me outer here, an' I'll show you who I is.' Mr. Man laugh fit ter kill. He 'low, 'You neenter change yo' voice; I'd know you ef I met you in de dark. Youer Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'I ain't not; dat's what I'm not!'

"Mr. Man look thoo de crack ag'in, an' he see de short years. He 'low, 'You done cut off yo' long years, but still I knows you. Oh, yes! an' you done sharpen yo' mouf an' put smut on it—but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Nobody ain't tryin' fer ter fool you. Look

at my fine long bushy tail.' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done tied an'er tail on behime you, but you can't fool me. Oh, no, Brer Rabbit! You can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at de ha'r on my back; do dat look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done wallered in de red san', but you can't fool me.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my long black legs; do dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin put an'er j'int in yo' legs, an' you kin smut um, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my tushes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done got new toofoes, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my little eyes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin squinch yo' eye-balls, but you can't fool me, Brer Rabbit.' Brer Wolf

squall out, 'I ain't not Brer Rabbit, an' yo' better turn me out er dis place so I kin take hide an' ha'r off'n Brer Rabbit.' Mr. Man say, 'Ef bofe hide an' ha'r wuz off, I'd know you, kaze 'tain't in you fer ter fool me.' An' it hurt Brer Wolf feelin's so bad fer Mr. Man ter sput his word, dat he bust out inter a big boo-boo, an' dat's 'bout all I know."

"Did the man really and truly think that Brother Wolf was Brother Rabbit?" asked the little boy.

"When you pin me down dat-a-way," responded Uncle Remus, "I'm bleeze ter tell you dat I ain't too certain an' sho' 'bout dat. De tale come down fum my great-gran'daddy's great-gran'daddy; it come on down ter my daddy, an' des ez he gun it ter me, des dat-a-way I done gun it ter you."



FOLKS AT THE FAIR : By Arthur Ruhl

THE early autumn sun had set behind the Colonnade of States and in the growing twilight the crowds were trooping home. Down the terraced steps flanking the cascades and in from the lateral avenues they shuffled in steady streams that met on either side of the Grand Basin and flowed on eastward toward the exit gates. There was a great splotch of white on the western horizon into which the gray army flowed and was swallowed up—the lights of the Pike and the railway terminals blazing against the night. In the other direction—on the western end of the lagoon,

that they look as if they had been brought all the way from the farm. There hangs about the broad vistas of the fair an atmosphere of lunch-boxes and babies. One forgets the other sorts of people in the crowd; it is only rarely that one catches sight of the conventional city face, sophisticated and serene, smiling languidly from rickshaw or gondola. The tall men with the black slouch hats; the lanky boys with their quick, furtive woodman's eyes; the tired, patient women, loaded down with pamphlets and health food souvenirs—these you remember. They give the show its individuality. And there results the entertaining and extraordinary phenomenon of the stately background of a world's exposition across which shuffle back and forth the crowds of a Missouri county fair.

just as a child might beckon to you to come and see some fish in the water that it feared would swim away.

"Did you ever!" she cried. "They're just like ours! Paul sleeps just that way, with his hand like that!" she was pointing with her finger—"and Mabel always does just like that—this foot turned under—see—right—there—that way!"

"That's right!" grinned the big Kansan, leaning over, too. "It's just like 'em! It sure is! That's just the way they do!" You never would have known that the little marble children weren't alive to have seen him look down and talk about them. He had forgotten all about art and about the traction engines, too. As I left the room, the little wife was leaning down with her hands pressed between her knees and her lips parted,



"This one 'ud do for Emma's room!"

on the cascades, the hilltop and the statues of the States—day still lingered; there was a bit of clean blue still left in the sky, and far above the sunset, poised between daylight and dark, hung the pale new moon. It was a moment when the real became the unreal, and the unreal assumed a new reality. The crowd, only a moment ago a swarm of prosaic and homely units, suddenly became vast, bizarre, and theatric as it showed vaguely through the trees the twilight and the dust, slow-moving toward the glare of lights. Freed from jarring human notes, veiled in haze and silence, the colonnades and statues and lagoons took on a new stateliness, and the dusk that dimmed their outlines made the palaces of staff more real. The fair had suddenly become illusive and very beautiful, drifting with the daylight into the region of dreams and mystery.

This transmutation was the more impressive because in it the fair had lost its most insistent individuality; because it is not the palaces and the shows which most impress one at St. Louis, but the curious and very human crowd which has come to see them. One starts to view the fair, but one ends in watching this crowd and listening to it. It is, in the first place, strikingly a rustic crowd; the typical part of which has never seen a world's fair before, and beholds this one with a mixture of bewilderment and good-natured enthusiasm. But the farmers—at least those who give the crowd its personality—are not those of New England or the upper Middle West. There is a Southern color about them; they come apparently from Missouri itself; from Arkansas, Oklahoma, and the semi-South. Perhaps the fact that St. Louis itself is a borderland city explains their presence; certainly one gets the idea that, excepting the St. Louis Fair, nothing else but fire or flood has ever driven hundreds of them from their retreats in the tall grass. Everywhere are tall, loose-jointed, lazily-good-humored men with high cheek bones and great black slouch hats. You see them wandering through the halls carrying their satchels with them—they and their two or three tall, lanky sons, and the wife loaded down with health food souvenirs. You see them at noon stretched on the benches and grass devouring slices of home-made bread so huge and thick

The big Kansan and his wife were having a hard time with art. They had begun at the south galleries with the United States exhibit and gone methodically, up and down, through the courses marked Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Hungary, and Argentina—stopping every now and then while he said, "Why, look here, Jess, haven't we done this one?" and drew himself up to his six feet two or so and stared hard at the pictures to make sure. It is very difficult, you know, to tell. There are so many of them and they look so much alike. And now they had come to France. It was almost time for the traction engines to begin their hill-climbing exhibition on the other side of the grounds, and he, with his own wheat but harvested and threshed, wanted to be over there. It was worse than going shopping with your wife in some great store in town. That would be a sort of joke, and you could laugh at yourself while you endured. But this you ought to like. He had all the American man's respect for those things that he leaves to his wife to bother over and try to understand, and besides that he wanted to please her. She was a little woman, black-eyed, and with a quick, mobile face. She led the way, found everything in the catalogue, and tried to like each one. He tried, too, but it was very hard. He had never seen girls with lavender flesh and vermilion lips sitting on lemon-colored grass. He wondered what "Crepuscule" might mean; the picture didn't help. It looked like so much gray smoke. There was a huge great thing called "L'enlèvement de Cythère"; if he had caught a man with that kind of a face making up to one of his daughters under one of the orchard trees at home, he would have taken him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him into the middle of next week.

Suddenly the little wife gave a quick, happy cry. She was leaning over a marble in the middle of the room. It was of two children, babies almost, sleeping with their arms about each other and their fat, bare legs doubled up in just such-and-such a way. One can't pretend to know what way, but the Kansan's little wife knew. Without taking her eyes from the figures, she called to her husband and to the others that were with them, beckoning rapidly and looking down all the time,



"Try it once—threadin' needles without the aid of the eyesight!"



"The fair's the place where you get new ideas!"

almost breathlessly, and the big Kansan was touching one of the marble cheeks with a big tanned finger.

"Wake up!" he chuckled. "Wake up!"

SCENE.—Oregon prune "demonstrating" booth in Agricultural Hall. Vast horde of able-bodied American citizens and their wives crowding up in the hope of getting a free stewed prune.

JOVIAL PARTY (an "Elk," as you may see from the badge in his buttonhole. Shriner, too. Evidently one of the Jolly Dogs of a small fresh-water town). Am I going to get one of them?

YOUNG WOMAN DEMONSTRATOR (blond, shapely; words can convey no idea of her excessive graciousness; of the girliness of the baby-blue ribbon tied round her neck; of her staccato, saccharine enunciation of). Certainly, sir; the Oregon prune! Soak-in-water-over-night - and - boil - in - the - morning - without - extra - sugar-for-an-hour-and-a-half. The Oregon prune!

JOVIAL ELK (masticating the prune). Huh! say! All right, ain't it? Oregon, ay?

Y. W. D. (smiling and putting her head on one side). Good, isn't it? That's the Oregon air, sir; the Oregon air!

JOVIAL ELK (surveying Y. W. D. with almost explosive admiration, and evidently trying to think of an appropriately gallant pleasantry). Oregon air, ay? That's what does it, ay? It'er—Oregon—that's—a—Oregon—does it—you—

Y. W. D. (understanding perfectly; smiles ravishingly). Yes, sir! The Oregon air!

MASTERFUL FEMALE VOICE IN BACKGROUND. John! You going to stop here all day? (Sotto voce to bystanders). Never knew he liked prunes before!

"Fixes Young Woman Demonstrator with withering stare and remarks out of the corner of her mouth

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to woman standing near). Sweetness per—son—i—fied! I mus' say!"

In one of the great halls there is a German exhibit of interior decoration—room after room worked out like a symphony, the dominant motif hung in portieres, spread out on the floor in rugs, built up into tables, stretching itself out to you in the arms of chairs. There are quiet, cloistered libraries in reposeful browns and greens; wainscoted dining-rooms, Gothic-looking and ancestral; Mucha-poster bedrooms, and fresh-looking Dutch rooms, with low windows opening on gardens and brightened by shiny tiles. "Quite artistic, these Germans, ain't they?" as I heard a dowager-like creature murmur after she had swept down the aisle like a battleship, and standing on tiptoe had swept over the others' heads with her lorgnette. Shoals of women tramp through these rooms—tired farmers' wives staring through their spectacles as they might at a Sanscrit manuscript, brisk young brides hunting for "ideas." One trembles as one thinks of what is in store for the honest carpenters and paperhangers and furniture-men when these hardy explorers come home.

She was standing in front of a room designed, as you might read in the quaint German script, with a dot over the "j," "for a young lady." She was, perhaps, seventeen, dressed in white, and she had arranged her white veil to hang on either side of her hat so as to shield the profile of her face somewhat like the veil of a nun. There was a certain forward droop to her neck and an almost consciously wistful look about her eyes which would not have been inappropriate in the poetess of her class in boarding school. Plainly she had Yearnings and Aspirations and was Misunderstood. The room was in gray and pale blue and silver. The ceiling was of a dull silver, the walls of pale blue watered silk. There was a heart-shaped writing desk so arranged that, when one wrote, one would sit in the very cleft of the heart. There were two little seats in the corner of the room, heart-shaped, too, the dull silver gas fixtures were cunningly wrought into similar designs, and everywhere were hearts deftly worked in, rather suggested than wrought out in daylight. There was a piano in light wood, a melancholy-sweet Mozart, a picture of a young lady, lightly clothed, lying on a couch, her cheek resting on her clasped hands. She was evidently yearning, too. For the rest there was little furniture—rather a sentimental austerity in silver and pale blue.

She stood in front of it—it was open on the front side so that one looked as into a show-window—rapt, entranced, drinking it in. You could see that that was the room which had hovered always on the border of her dreams, illusive and unattainable. As she had studied the helpful-home-hints pages of the women's journals, in all her experimenting with cosy corners, that had been the realization which now and again had revealed itself at moments of supreme imaginative intensity, only, before one could catch and fix it, to fade away. And here it was at last, real as real, to be seen and touched and felt. How had they known—she turned and read the German script and the name of the young designer, and back again to the silver ceiling and the pale blue walls of watered silk, and the mystery and triumph of it surged up in a great wave and overflowed her soul.

Two women approached—regular fair campaigners, sharp-eyed, tireless, with souvenirs and sample packages dangling here and there like the equipment of a soldier in heavy marching order. They stopped and surveyed the wonderful room.

"Restful, ain't it?" commented one of them, as you would say. "Good piece of steak, this, isn't it?" The young girl did not turn round, but you could see her start and almost shiver. "Um," admitted the other woman, "this one 'ud do for Erma's room." The young girl whirled round. She didn't speak, but you could understand well enough as you caught the flash of her eyes.

"Erma's room? Erma's room! This is my room! My room, do you hear? My room!" And she dropped her veil over her face and hurried away.

SCENE.—Filipino Village; Bamboo stockades, huts built of rushes on the ground and on poles over the water. Tom-toms thumping here and there and the sound of high-pitched native songs. Our little brown brothers in all stages of dress and undress, from the Visayans, singing Floradora sextets in their theatre, men in white flannels and girls in décolleté muslins, to the jovial Igorrotes, who go round absent-mindedly picking up things with their toes like monkeys, and who wear nothing but a breech-clout. The Filipino village is the real thing. When you see tiny, pol-bellied bits of brown humanity, hardly old enough to walk, stand fifty feet away and, with toy bows and arrows made out of bamboo strips and bamboo thongs, hit the penny which you stick in the ground, edge on, you begin to feel that you're seeing life.

TIMOROUS OLD LADY (fingering a quarter, trying to close her ears to the barker, who is addressing her personally, and thinking of all the terrible stories she has heard of those shameless Igorrotes. To present narrator): Be there any ladies in there? (P. N. reassures her and they walk in together. A dozen or so strapping savages are disclosed dancing in a ring.

T. O. L. (looking first over, then under her spectacles, and finally straight through them). Well!

SMALL BOY (dragging mother along by the skirt). Ma! Look at the coons!

T. O. L. (after scrutinizing the dancers as closely as a rigid decorum will permit,

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vaguely). They're a—a different shade, aren't they?

SMALL BOY (evidently troubled with a similar discrepancy). Ma, are them coons? (Two young ladies of color, in pink and blue respectively, who have been standing on the outside of the circle of spectators, regarding the manœuvres of the Igorrote with considerable hauteur, pick up their skirts and depart.)

SMALL BOY (desperate). Ma! why ain't they coons?

(Dance suddenly ends, each savage squatting down on his metal drum, which resembles a frying-pan without the handle. Few coins are tossed into the ring, and there is a chorus of "Thank-you-ten-cent, Pen-ny-mouch-oblige-you're welcome," while one previous warrior begins to chant in curious squeaky English, "Wa-ay-don-in-ma-heart Ah've—got—a-feelink—for-a-you." Spectators adjourn to nearby hut; where Igorrote woman, smoking a large, black cigar, is giving an exhibition of native weaving. After being watched in silence for several moments, Igorrote woman takes cigar from her mouth, looks down at the crowd standing below the platform where she is working and takes careful aim.)

SHE (as portly spectator dodges just in time). Spec-ee.

PORTLY SPECTATOR (with rather caustic good-humor). Oh, that's it, is it? Thought you was sick.

(Crowd passes on to hut, in the black interior of which Igorrote woman may be discerned roasting queer-looking lumps of meat on live coals.)

SPECTATOR (jerk his thumb over his shoulder). That's dog. Cookin' dog in there.

(Chorus of "Oh's," "Mercy Sakes," "Just think of that.")

WOMAN (one of the kind who makes friends with everybody in the car before the train is out of the city limits. Kneels down and peers into smoky doorway, snacking her lips furiously). My! But I'll bet it tastes good! (No response.)

ANOTHER WOMAN (also peering in). Is that dog?

IGORROTE COOK (grinning). sa—ya! Dog—a—dog! Mucha cook! Thank—a—you're—welcome—come—a—tue—morrow!

MAN (in a bored way). Sure it's dog! (At this moment small and melancholy-looking hound pup skulks out of the hut wagging a timorous tail. Chorus of "Oh, they're going to eat him! The little dear! Let's take him away!")

MAN (more bored than ever). Eat him. Eat that? They wouldn't eat a dog like him. He isn't savage enough.

(Tom-tom sounds in distance and entire party hasten in its direction.)

He was sitting on a stool at a tall little table just inside the entrance to the "Palace of Education," waiting for the crowd to come. It was at that fresh hour of early morning when the long avenues and plazas still are cloaked, as it were, in stillness left over from the night, and it is easy to believe that marble made of staff is real. There was scarcely the sound of a footstep in the great hall behind him as he spread out a few things on the little table and hummed to himself. He wore a seersucker coat, and he had dark brown eyes and very black hair parted far down on one side and thrown over and down across the other side of his forehead, like that of a young man in an old daguerreotype. Presently they began to straggle in—three or four old ladies, their husbands, satchels in hand, and two or three husky young farmer boys with great tanned wrists showing below their coat sleeves. The young man on the stool scarcely moved or spoke. He just gazed at them, and they drew near, as though he were a shepherd piping to his sheep.

"This here's that little device you've heard so much about," he began. "Threadin' needles without the aid of the eyesight." As he spoke he was running the thread in and out of the needle's eye in a way that made the women folk watch him as though he were a prestidigitator. "Suppose you was tryin' to thread this here needle," he said, "or was threadin' a darnin' needle with this here yarn. What would you do? You'd superwax it or turn it over, or maybe bite off the end and jab—jab—jab—as the young man illustrated this manœuvre one of the silent women suddenly lost her suspicion and laughed with delight. "But with this little device—the grandest little device that ever was invented"—again he showed how it worked, and the women purred and the men nodded to each other their satisfaction. "I bought one of them yesterday," said one of them reassuringly. The young man talked on and on in his quiet way, with a sort of surprised smile playing about his mouth as the thread went in and out, as though he were saying: "Isn't that fine? It's just as much fun for me as it is for you, you know."

"Try it onct!" he pleaded, holding out the needle to one of the little old ladies. "Try it onct! There—that's right. See the little hook—see how it catches the thread? You wouldn't deceive 'em, lady, now would you? What? No—of course not—you wouldn't deceive 'em."


"I—I think I'll take one," said the little old lady, fumbling in her purse.

"Only one? They're fifteen cents apiece. Only a quarter for two."

"Take two," whispered one of the other women, pulling her by the sleeve. "I'll take the other one."

"Try it onct!" went on the young man, after he had twisted the needle-threader up in a bit of paper. He turned to the men. "Try it onct!" he said, as earnestly as though he were saving souls. "There is

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more costly inventions on these grounds than this here little device, but there ain't none that'll mean more to the loving ones at home. Only fifteen cents—would any man deny a woman that—now would they? You couldn't help rather envying the needle-threader man, sitting there on his stool in the cool of the morning. His needle-threads really worked. He really believed what he said. And it's pleasant to watch the world go by and know you are really helping it along.

They sat on the low step just outside the exhibit—two young countrywomen, rather pert-looking and with a suggestion of the town in their clothes—very much bored, talking languidly and chewing gum.

"What's become of Jim?" asked the younger one.

"He's in there," said the other, hopelessly, nodding toward the exhibit behind them. "There's no telling when he'll come."

This was what was "in there": surgeon's instruments and operating tables; row after row of photographs of men and women and children afflicted with monstrous deformities, or in various stages of some loathsome disease; rabbits and guinea-pigs in alcohol, partially dissected, so as to show throats attacked by diphtheria, lungs spotted with tuberculosis, and eyes half eaten out by it; germs magnified thousands of times and drawn on paper; antitoxins and "cultures" of various sorts between plates of glass; wax models of mastoid, appendix, and other operations, with the name of the German surgeon who had exhibited their efficacy attached to them. It was not a place where the crowd spent much time. There were not more than half a dozen people there—one a tall young farmer with a deep, quiet voice, who missed nothing. The German words he could not read, but he knew without reading what everything meant. As he walked slowly along he talked half to himself of what he saw, and his talk sounded some-



"What's become of Jim?" she asked what like that running commentary of a surgeon as he operates before his class.

"Well!" sighed the young woman, rising and shaking out her skirt. "Hope you've seen enough of that."—She was speaking to the tall young farmer who stood in the doorway looking as though he had just been to a football game.

"Great!" he said, stretching up and giving himself a thump with his fists on his broad chest. The older of the young women leaned toward the other as they walked away. "Jim came near being a doctor, you know," she said. "That was before we was married. Guess I cured him of that."

SCENE.—Evening in the "Tyrolean Alps" on the Pike. Tyroleans in native costume yodeling and dancing on the stage. Reddy patter of the xylophone sounds above the rest of music. In the glare from the stage can be seen a splashing fountain, Tyrolean village in the background and behind that canvas Alps covered with snow. Crowd standing up near the stage; crowd at the tables eating and drinking beer and growling because the folks standing up are blocking their view and trying to see the show without buying anything to drink.

Papa, Mamma, and Florence standing. FLORENCE. How beautiful. These, you know, Puppa, are the peasant dawns. How fresh and charming. Look at that girl in front—doesn't she enjoy it, though.

PAPA (having done the rest of the Pike, and evidently afraid of being fooled again). Look at the ones standing behind! But, then, you bet they don't let any of their old chromos dance.

FLORENCE. It's so interesting to see these villages, isn't it, Mamma? Just like going to Europe. Now these costumes, you know, are the kind they've always worn ever since anybody can remember, and if we'd go over there forty years from now they would still be wearing them.

MAMMA (listening intently, and having in mind, doubtless, her new fall dress). Well—well! Now that's what I call sensible! (Yodeling and dancing suddenly stop. Tyroleans vanish into the mountain, and "barber" on the other side of the village begins to yell: "This way for the scenic railway—the ride through the Alps.")

PAPA (staring at the empty stage). Is that all we get?

(Mamma and Florence are already on their way. Papa follows slowly, examining his pocket-book as he goes. Bumps into another man doing the same. They exchange glances and grin [Sotto voce.] Gee! I've blown in thirty-six dollars already to-night! How about you?)

OTHER MAN (pointing to family of wife and seven children all dashing toward scenic railway, and shrugging shoulders). There goes mine.

(Both grin and march up to ticket office together, the best of friends.)

They were looking at a sofa pillow in a

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tiny room in one of the tiniest of the State buildings. A United States flag was embroidered on one side of it, and on the other appeared the features of the Father of his Country. They gazed long and earnestly. It was a quiet little eddy out of the rush and noise of the big fair whirlpool.

"Now, ain't that nice?"

"It certainly is true," said the other. "The fair's the place where you get new ideas."

The sun was high overhead and the heat and silence of noon had settled over the fair. From the Colonnade of States, far below, on the strips of lawn that lined the walks and waterways, you could see scores of little luncheon parties munching sandwiches, while here and there on a bench reclined some middle-aged and portly female, her hands clasped in front of her, her feet stretched wide apart on the gravel, fagged, forgetful, and lost to the world. In the middle distance a solitary gondola lazily swam across the glassy surface of the lagoon. Suddenly the silence was shattered by two joyful shrieks, and on the promenade in front of the colonnade two young women, one of them pushing a baby carriage, rushed into each other's arms. Their husbands in the background nodded to each other and grinned.

ONE WITH BABY CARRIAGE (shrieking). Did you come up the river on the boat, too? Have a good time?

OTHER (also shrieking). Did we have a good time? Did we? Never had so much fun in my life—and dancing—and such good things to eat—and—I have got more things to tell you. When you going to go back to Oklahoma?

ONE WITH BABY. We're going back to-night. But just as soon as ever you get back you let me know, and I'll come streakin' up. But—where's your baby? What! left it at the nursery? O-o-o! I left mine at the nursery yesterday, and when I came back they hadn't fed it once all day. Wonder she was alive at all. But she hasn't peeped all day to-day. I nursed her at six and again at twelve—and—what? Yes; I brought one with me! I got it up my sleeve now, so it'd be ready if she needs it, but I don't think she will. Well, we got to be rolling along. Good-natured? Well, now, ain't she, though! Tell 'em by-by!

OTHER WOMAN (spellbound). I'll be tickled to death if my baby ever grows as big as this one. What color hair's she got? Red, ain't it? What? Well, maybe it's just the sun. Good-by. See you when you get home. (They walk away in opposite directions along the promenade beneath the statues of the States, which all the time are gazing toward the horizon with the vague, inscrutable smile of the gods.)

The pompous, puff-pigeon little man, with the funeral black tie, opened the glass doors of the hearse and, thrusting his head within, carefully scrutinized the interior. Then he leaned over and examined the wheels with their silvered hubs. Then he clambered into the driver's seat and looked all about him and said something about plumes. He took a card from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to the attendant. It read: "Sirenius Vermont, Undertaker and Embalmer." He walked off several paces, stood for half a minute taking in the whole.

"It's a beauty!" he sighed, as he walked away. "A beauty!" The rest of the Transportation Building didn't interest him. There was nothing in it but automobiles and express locomotives, and things like that—great, grim, quintessential creatures of steel and brass, capable of eighty miles an hour, and looking as though they were ready to leap to life and panting to be up and away.

The Inside Inn is a constant joy. It is not entered on the list of exhibits, but of all the shows at the fair it is most entertaining and extraordinary. The Inside Inn is a hotel inside the grounds designed for those who wish to sleep on the firing line and save the price of the daily admission. It is the largest hotel in the world—a sublimated shack built of boards and paper, so that in any room you may hear what is being said in the rooms on either side of you, and in the room across the hall. Somewhere in the neighborhood of four or five thousand people endeavor to sleep there every night. Nobody, I suppose, knows just how many are in the hotel at any given time, for the flow of outgoing and incoming guests is continuous, and about two thousand new ones fight for rooms each day. Sit still in any spot in the Inside Inn for a moment and try to listen, and you hear a steady roar, a sort of stage thunder.

It comes from thousands of feet tramping over hollow floors, thousands of voices telling what their owners have seen that day, planning what they shall see on the morrow.

SCENE.—Night in Inside Inn. Anybody's room. Lights from the room across the narrow court flickering on the walls, confused roar of feet, broken now and then by the staccato tread of the ice-water boy.

FEMININE VOICE (coming through the partition). There's one thing I do want to see, and that's that paper underwear. Seems to me it would be just fine. That's what I want to see—that and the down quilts.

SECOND FEMININE VOICE. Do you suppose it would be really comfortable?

FIRST VOICE. They say so. And so nice for traveling. You can just wear it and—throw it away. I think it would be so nice for the girls.

(Sound of violent pounding on door of room to the other side.)

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VOICE THROUGH PARTITION. But did you see that Sistine Madonna all in embroidery? You mustn't miss that—oh, you mustn't! No; it doesn't cost a cent—just go right in. The most lovely expression in the face, just lovely. And all done with a needle and thread, they say, and without the help of a brush. Took her five years, and it's a wonder she did it in that time. It *don't* seem possible.

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(Sound of violent pounding on door of adjoining room and clink of ice in water-pitcher.)

MASCULINE VOICE (accompanied by patter of bare feet on floor and quick turning of key). What the devil do you want? No; I didn't ring for ice water. Blank—blank—blankety blank. (Door is slammed shut. Hoarse murmur of indistinguishable phrases. Sound of heavy body crashing into bed. Then a resigned sigh.) Well, Mary, of all the nights I ever put in, this is the damndest night I ever put in!

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"Fagged, forgetful, and lost to the world"

weary, unbathed, and unshaven. In the vast hall, which serves as a sort of combination sitting-room and office, there is a line of perhaps one hundred persons waiting to register and be assigned rooms. You must take your place in this line and wait your turn, or you may not get a room at all. You may stand fifteen minutes if you're very lucky; if it's the morning on which, for example, the Massachusetts school-teachers' and Illinois State bankers' delegations are arriving, you may stand an hour and a half. In that line is about every type of American that you can imagine—farmers with shiny black handbags, city folk croaking over their discomforts, delegates draped in badges, here a bewildered old lady, there some peroxide Amazon, her diamond earrings dimmed by the morning mists, furtively massaging, as she waits, the crow's feet from her eyes. When the khaki-clothed bell-boy finally escorts you to your room, you tramp through a quarter of a mile or so of long passages, where, at every turn, your jaded senses are awakened by this sign in great black letters:

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WRITERS DEVELOPED BY FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION : : By Robert Bridges

MY friend the Novelist came to town the other day for recreation. He went to his club, where he met other men who were writing novels, and most of them had a play or two up their sleeves. There they had much talk and some chaff about this handicraft of making novels and plays. They are all young, and success has flirted with them kindly, and there is considerable fun in the business. They may talk cynically about it, but you could not buy any one of them to change his craft. When they got tired blowing smoke-wreaths they went to a play and sat up near the bass drum and followed all the technic of the show. It was a simple little play—no plot to speak of—but everybody had a good time, including the Novelist and his friends, and went away and told their friends they ought to see it.

Next day the Novelist had some ideas on the writing business in this country, and he let them loose:

"They are a great people out Chicago way and down in Indiana. I wish I had stayed there longer after I left college. They go at things straighter and simpler than we do. They see something right under their noses that interests them and amuses them, and they put it in a novel or a play, and the public seem to like it hugely. Now, that play I saw last night was picked up right off a college campus. We've been writing college stories in the East for ten years and nobody ever thought of putting them on the stage. Along comes this man from Indiana and says: 'Amusing fellows, these college boys; I guess I'll put them on the stage'—and there you are!"

There is a great deal in what the Novelist said about the directness and freedom from self-consciousness of the writers from the Middle West. They are not afraid to let themselves go, and they are not overpowered by thinking all the time how Lowell or Hawthorne or Emerson would have done it if they had let themselves go. They find the country and the people among whom they live mighty entertaining, and they believe that readers will also be amused by them.

The editors of Western newspapers have had a lot to do with the development of Western writers. Most newspapers in the East have a bunch of traditions that must be preserved, and a corps of responsible editors whose business it is to preserve these traditions. I do not believe that there is an old-established newspaper in the East that would have given Eugene Field, or Riley, or Ade, or Dooley, or William Allen White, a chance to let himself go. There would have been a capable but conventional managing editor in each office to run his pencil through their spontaneous humor and to squelch the young man by saying, "The 'Stardust' never prints this kind of thing."

The paragraphs that Field used to put day after day in his column of "Sharps and Flats" in Chicago would have been "edited" to pieces in almost every newspaper office in the East. Much of it was undignified and unliterary—but it was Field. And the freedom he had developed his fancy and his

power of expression so that every now and then he hit the bull's-eye and made the bell ring. Then the Eastern papers would copy the gem, and try to hire Field permanently at a high salary. The Chicago papers have always been willing to print considerable chaff if thereby they could get a grain of good wheat now and then.

There is nothing like freedom of expression to develop a writer, if he has it in him. A really fertile creative mind has got to produce—wheat and tares, flowers and weeds—all springing from a rich soil. Contrary to the general belief, there is nothing so deadly to the writer of creative power as a too early development of the critical faculty. That is why the young man who is always conscious of Lowell and Emerson looking over his shoulder never is original.

Imagine Kipling serving his newspaper apprenticeship in the office of the "Evening Post"! He never would have been permitted to publish a single "Departmental Ditty" in even the Newspaper Column; and as for Mrs. Hauksbee and Mulvaney, they would have been spurned from the Saturday supplement as vulgar. But Kipling had a free go on his little paper in India and he found himself. No doubt, judicious editing in those days might have rid him of some freaks of style that still persist, but it would probably have squelched Kipling. The trouble is that most editors have conventional minds. (Mr. Dana did not, and his newspaper developed more original writers than any other—and that tradition still persists among his disciples. He would have edited the truck out of Field's column, but he never would have allowed a single good thing to escape.)

Of course, editors have their uses. What is good for the writer may be bad for the public. The people who buy a periodical have a right to expect a certain kind of thing in it. The editor is the wire screen with just the right-sized mesh for his constituency. But lucky is the writer of really prolific mind who strikes an editor with very large meshes. This applies to the one writer in ten thousand who has the real stuff in him. The rest of them ought to be restrained, and that is where the small-meshed editor is a public benefactor.

How much there is of Thackeray up to "Vanity Fair" that a small-mesh would have thrown on the dump! The great thing was that he was not giving them just "Punch" stuff or "Standard" stuff—but he gave them Thackeray, freely, spontaneously pouring out his personality, with no thought of a critical club hanging over him. If you read his recently published "Letters to an American Family," you have another revelation of the kind of man he was—sensitive, affectionate, blurring out his pleasure like a big boy, and moaning a little when he was hurt to get petting and sympathy. When he got it, he smiled like a spoiled child. And it is precisely because he always let himself go that his writings have the undying charm of his personality.

Suppression never made a great writer. The man of little books is apt to be a little man.

WHAT AILS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

(Continued from page 11)

Not only were Liberals divided among the Democratic, Populist, Socialist, and Prohibition parties, but literally millions of them voted the Republican ticket because they did not see any particular attraction anywhere else. It was like the Pierce campaign of 1852, when a defiant Democracy trampled down a spineless Whig and a hopeless Free Soil party. It seemed then as if the people had decided for slavery, but the events of two years later showed that they had not. They had merely tolerated the pro-slavery party for lack of something better. It remains now to be seen whether the Democracy is to meet the fate the Whig party met after 1852, or whether it is to seize its opportunity.

Some things are certain. It is certain that the Republican party is not going to remain without effective opposition. It would be monstrous, incredible, that in a country of universal education and universal suffrage a group of unscrupulous capitalists should be allowed to make the government of eighty million people an annex of their private business without arousing a protest strong enough to make itself felt. These capitalists have their party—the people are going to have theirs. There will be a Liberal party, with a sane, consistent, progressive, popular policy. The only question is whether the Democracy will fill that position or not. If it will, it will regain the place it held under Jefferson. If not, it will have to make way for another.

It will not be necessary to "reorganize" the party. Let it equip itself with principles, and live up to them, and reorganization will take care of itself. People who do not like the principles will drop out. Those who do like them will be attracted from other parties. The Democracy will not have to go into its next campaign with its finger on its lips. It will not be tempted to fish for seven electoral votes and a contribution to the campaign fund by nominating a Vice-Presidential candidate who believes that the Dingley duty on the coal he sells is low enough.

When the Democracy is established on a solid basis of principle, it will not have to worry about the chances of victory or defeat. It can stand reverses. Mr. Bryan was right in protesting against the argument that free silver ought to be dropped in order to win. The only trouble was that free silver was wrong in itself. If it had been right, lost ground could have been retrieved by a campaign of education, but when you are wrong the more you educate the people the more you lose.

A liberalized Democracy will know exactly what it wants and say exactly what it means. It will not be a sectional party. The fact that free silver had no standing in the East ought to have been enough in itself to warn the leaders of their blunder in 1896. True Democracy appeals to the average man just as much in the East as in the West. New York is not inhabited solely by plutocrats. If it has Wall Street, it also has Avenue A. A doctrine which, properly presented, can not be made attractive in every State in the Union has some flaw in it. There ought to be no such thing as a rock-ribbed, impregnable Republican State, for all the States are pervaded to a considerable extent by common people. Since the masses in Vermont, as elsewhere, would be benefited by the application of Democratic principles, even Vermont ought not to be hopeless missionary ground for the Democratic party. It is held to Republicanism now by the memory of dead issues, and prejudices half a century old. A liberal Democracy should be able to clear away such obstructions and make a fair start everywhere.

To recur to Mr. Hay's metaphor: "The Republican party is the ship; all else is the sea." What the people need, and intend to have, is another ship on that sea—a trim cruiser, prepared to lay alongside the Republican ship and bring down the black flag that has haunted so long over the spoils of plundered merchantmen.

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| 7 When shall we three meet | 32 Just arrived. |
| again! | (Old Maid on R. R. Track.) |
| 8 Two Jack's heads. | 33 You "Auto" be with me in— |
| 9 Just a line from— | (Automobile.) |
| 10 Get wim and come to— | 34 I want to come home. |
| (Owl on stump.) | (Horse leaping.) |
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These Brochures will be mailed free on application. This House has been established since 1889 and has as patrons hundreds of private investors, Life Insurance Companies, Endowed Universities, Bankers, Savings Banks, etc. Autograph letters from investors will be sent to you to prove the character of my securities. The record of the office is a line of investments aggregating \$3,500,000 and no losses. Answer this advertisement. Do it now. You will be interested in what you learn.

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sisted entirely upon a meat diet. He had not brought much to eat, and that consisted mostly of canned sausage. One day I asked the manager if I might not have some boiled rice. A small bag was sent to my tent. After discussion with the cook and assistants, it had been concluded that I wanted the rice for poker chips.

Aside from feeding us for a stipulated sum, the canteen was to bring mineral waters for sale. In mentioning our wants before we left Tokio, one correspondent had remarked that a little champagne was good in case of sickness. Evidently Yokoyama thought that we were all going to be ill all the time. (For there is a bar in the Imperial Hotel frequented by tourists.) He brought far more bottles of champagne than sausages—and the champagne was as sugary sweet as ever Latin drank. Our meals became town meetings, where individuals—and there are as many individuals among the correspondents as there are divisions in the army—set out their likes and dislikes.

"Treacle is what you want!" said a spindling Englishman who had served in South Africa. "Give me treacle, I say. I told these busters to bring treacle. With plenty of treacle—good old black treacle—you can ride day in and day out and be as fit as a fiddle." "Caesar conquered the world on treacle," observed "Jimmy" Hare, the oldest of us and the enfant terrible of the camp. "I know all about it, now. He slid down the Alps on it, and chucked it all over the Gauls and gummied 'em up so they couldn't fight." "Rather liverish, I should say," remarked our academic correspondent.

The Bill of Fare

"Bacon and beans is the thing," said Collins, "and big fat flapjacks for breakfast. They're what; they keep your ribs apart." "Tucker is what you want," said an Australian, who represents a British paper. "Tucker" was always his cry. He declined to go into details.

"Italian sausages!" shouted John Bass. "I knew there was something wrong about this canteen from the start, and I laid in an Italian sausage. You can use an Italian sausage for a brickbat, insect powder, a tent peg, a pillow, and to grease your boots with. When you have to eat—actually eat and so destroy—other things to satisfy your hunger, you have only to smell of an Italian sausage and your hunger is gone."

There was only one way to obtain coherency of opinion and action, and that was to elect a mess president. Nominations being in order, each subscriber turned his thumb toward his neighbor. Alphabetically was fair every one thought except John Bass, and he was it. Poor old Bass! He had troubles of his own as well as those of others. The Italian sausage was helpful in reviving his nerves.

Our understanding in Tokio had been that not only were we to pay all bills by check, but by check we were to draw cash whenever we needed it. In Tokio, indeed, there was no accommodation which was not readily granted. Alas, our manager had not funds even for coolie hire. From Wiju to Antung we provided our own coolies while the canteen kept on feeding us. The supply of sausage, but not of sweet champagne, ran out. We took to eggs and chickens morning, noon, and night.

"If we only had a little treacle to go with them—good old black treacle." Our Australian still called for "tucker." The one Frenchman was equally explicit. Occasionally he would rise to demand: "For what do we pay our fifteen yens a day?"

The canteen was impossible. We reverted to a natural state of individualism. Behold three of us, now, Collins, Hare, and myself, camped beside a mountain stream and a mountain brook. Having brought no cooking outfit or proper supplies we "frustled" the best we could. A few cans of ancient corned beef and a few cans of counterfeit condensed milk (made of cornstarch) were found in Antung itself. At Ping-Yang a Frenchman had a store, but he was not renewing his stock. (It was in this store that "Jimmy" Hare ate a whole bottle of olives without getting indigestion.) Seoul is further than Ping-Yang, and in all more than three hundred miles from our present base. There is also European food in Japan, which you may have by sending a man all the way there and back.

At Kansuitten a plain ham becomes a more expensive luxury than canvasback duck in New York, and a can of California fruit a luxury like hothouse peaches. Even cash is costly. Eight days ago we sent a servant all the way to Antung to get a thousand yen in specie from the branch of a Japanese bank that is already open there.

The Retinue

Drawn up beside our tents are the three Chinese carts which form our commissariat train. It is with fear and trembling that we think of the size of the retinue which has to be fed, bound as we are by the customs of the East. Sometimes the foreigner tries to reform the usages of the teeming millions, and the East smiles like quicksand under the sun and swallows him in. The union decrees that there must be two Chinese to a cart, and injunctions are out of the question. Besides the Chinese we have two Koreans. One takes charge of the pack ponies; the other is Daniel Webster. Daniel's chin is missing; his forehead modest.

"I didn't make my face, and I don't work with my face," he says. He came to us as a coolie—in the dirty white cotton garments, the queue, and the tophyto headgear of his kind. To-day his hair is clipped short, he has a jaunty little white outing cap, European coat, and golf breeches, while there hangs from his pocket, in further proof of hope, prosperity, and progress, a German silver watch-chain with links an inch and a half long. Where he got these things his employers, least of all,

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This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the cases), by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

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Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof. This book has been the means of making 336,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

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should know. He takes especial care of the
"cap." That is not for wear when he washes
dishes or digs trenches. Probably no citizen
of the United States could walk further in a
week than "Daniel." His pipestem legs are
like stilts in the steps they take. He goes
joyfully on any errand, however hard the rain,
however deep the mud. Should our caravan
move on to St. Petersburg, you would still
find "Daniel" attached. The subject of Ko-
rean sloth and official extortion has for the
first time found out what a joyful living
world of opportunity there is outside his
native "Hermit Land"—and all this on \$12.50
a month.

The Master of the Household, in charge of
all the retinue, is Kochi, our interpreter, who
speaks excellent English. On this campaign
he has learned many things which were not
taught at Cornell, where he went to school.
He draws maps, translates documents, keeps
the Chinese in line with the few words of
their language that he has learned. He has
never admitted that he was tired or hungry.

The Russians Got the Chickens

Early in the spring, when we had to live
entirely by the grace of cans, we watched
the growing corn, beans, and potatoes with
encouraging eye. We have them all on our
table now. Fowl, however, are growing
scarce in the land. They are not to be had
by beggary, purchase, or strategy. The
Russians were here before us, and the strays
they left behind Japanese thoroughness has
gleaned. (One advantage of a retreating
army is that it has first call on the chickens.)
The thrifty Chinese hides the remaining few
as the ancestors of another generation.

And this brings us into the department of
Kobayashi, our forager. He took the place
of Kurotaki, who went home ill. I have said
that no one in the canteen spoke English, and
it was from the wreck of the canteen that we
drew Kobayashi. He did not speak English
at the time.

"Hour or hive words," he said.
As a rule, when you engage a boy he pro-
fesses to know a lot of English with the re-
sult that you find he knows none at all.
Kobayashi's policy was the contrary. He
took us on trial. In some days, when he had
concluded that it was worth while receiving
us into his confidence, we found that he knew
colloquial English excellently.

According to his own tale, Kobayashi has
been a miner in Australia, a sailor on many
seas, not to mention that he helped to build
the Brooklyn Bridge. Reckoned up in years,
his service makes him a centenarian. As to
his actual age, you can no more tell it by his
wrinkled face than the age of a pine tree by
its knots. If we want anything done that is
not just in the line of the other "boys" we
call Kobayashi.

"All the time work for Kobayashi," he oc-
casional grumbles. "Kobayashi up three
hour clock, build fire, boil water! Go to bed
late night! Gentlemen want anybody when
everybody sleep call Kobayashi. Damn!"

"Come! Come, Kobayashi, you are un-
happy to-day!" we rally him.

Then over that wrinkled brown face will
creep a smile up to the eyes that twinkle be-
tween their slants.

"I dunno, sir. All right," he says.
This morning I asked him if he thought the
weather would clear. He squinted quizzically
and long at the four points of the com-
pass and said: "I dunno, sir." But that was
merely Japanese self-deprecation, and I knew
it. He had a most definite opinion as he
promptly showed. "Wind sou'-sou'-west, sir.
Yes, sir, it going to rain some more."

Incidentally Kobayashi waits on table.
When he grumbled sailor fashion once, we
gave this task to another. Then we saw that
wrinkled face (so unknowing or so knowing
as it will) in the background, critical and
wistful. We restored him to his place.

Japanese Chesterfields

About our beverages Kobayashi ever main-
tains a polite fiction.

"Cocoa, tea, coffee!" he asks.

We call for tea or coffee.

Then Kobayashi shifts from one foot to the
other and utters a little giggling: "He, he!"
to accompany his grin.

"Cocoa!" we say. Cocoa is all we have.

Kobayashi and our Chesterfieldian groom
are such stuff as the Japanese army is made
of. We had originally a regular groom with
high recommendations, whom we sent home
for drunkenness, neglecting his horses and
trying to slay other bettors. Ugajin was sim-
ply a boy of seventeen or eighteen, whose
father owned a shop in Tokio—a boy who
wanted to see a battle, a real battle.

He won the trio with his bow, the bow
which he has carried right through the cam-
paign. The horses are sleek and well cared
for, and in odd moments Ugajin works Ja-
panese landscape effects in our tent yard with
admirable taste—the same Ugajin, who, when
some Russian scouts were reported in the
corn nearby the other day, rushed out to as-
sist the soldiers with a stone in hand, while
Kobayashi seized a club. Naturally, this is
a martial race.

Whenever there is a battle we get a new
camp, and then we wait until the strategic
demands of the whole calls for another ad-
vance. The Great System understands us a
deal better than it did at first. It knows now
that we are not here to give information that
will benefit the enemy, though that informa-
tion is the kind that makes news for the cable
men. And there you have the rub between
the arm of war and the arm of publicity.

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is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burn-
ett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adn.

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\$500,000, or in what state or territory it is located. Just send me a de-
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Think of the relief in getting free from the barber-shop habit!—the risk of infection that's always present—the disagreeable associations and tedious delays, often when your time is most valuable.

There's economy in Gillette shaving—not only in the mere quarter-a-shave you pay (including tip)—but in the valuable hours you save by cutting out the weary waiting to be next.

The **Gillette Safety Razor** stays in perfect condition

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which means just this: If when the thirty days are up you choose to say "Take back the razor," we refund every cent you have paid—and are pleasant about it. Your decision settles it. Isn't that fair enough? And doesn't it prove our faith?

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GILLETTE SALES CO., Chicago:—Several days ago I saw a cousin of mine who is blind use one of your razors, and he liked it fine.

(Signed) NIMROD LONG, City Clerk, Owensboro, Ky.

The Gift to Please Him Most

It isn't a bit too early to decide the Christmas present problem now.

Gillette Razor, triple-plated silver, with blades, leather case, sent prepaid, \$5.00; will save five times its cost the first year. **Special Gift Gillette**, 20-year guaranteed heavy quadruple gold plate **Gillette Razor**, in elegant case, \$10.00. Same, in fine Morocco case, with name gilded on case and engraved on razor handle—a magnificent present—\$12.00.

Ask your dealer; if he doesn't sell it, get him to correspond with us, or send direct *today*. Our interesting booklet mailed free.

THE GILLETTE SALES CO.

1609 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

Reference: Continental National Bank, Chicago
National Bank, Chicago; Dun's and Bradstreet's



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